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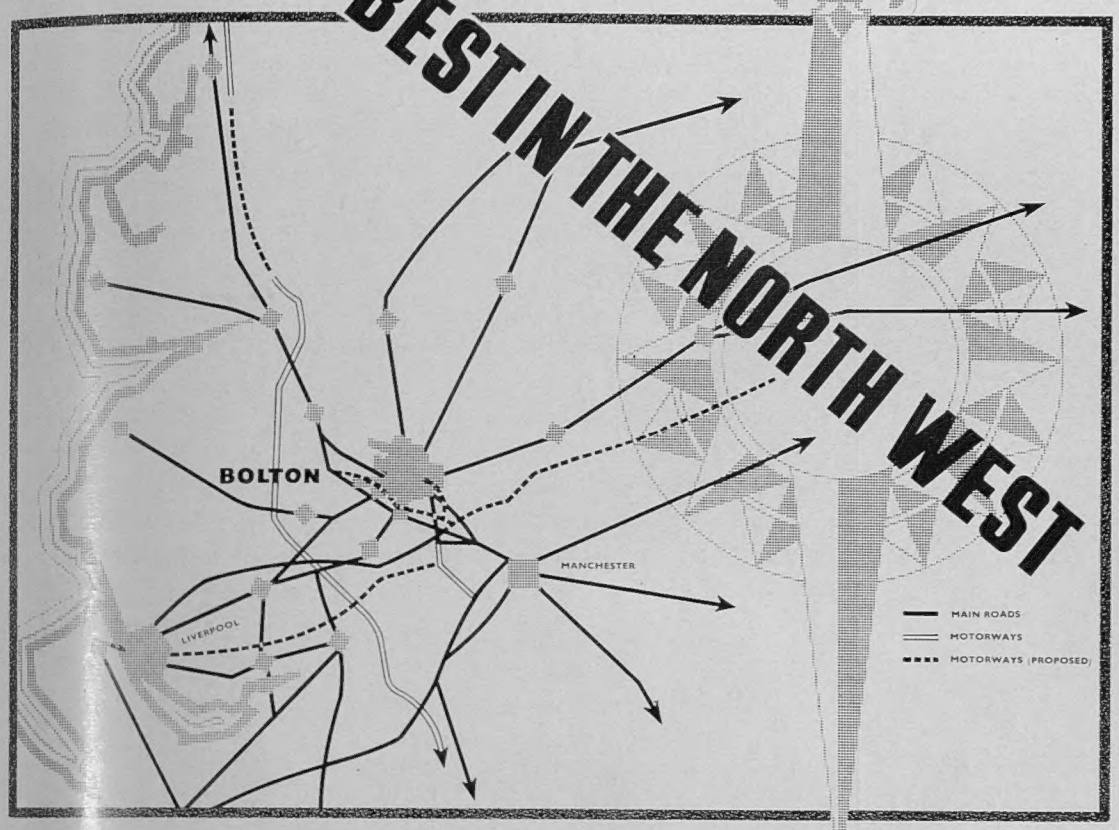

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Volume CCLV No. 3314 LONDON, December 7, 1963

THE SPHERE

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Sir Alec Douglas-Home, in Washington to attend the funeral of President Kennedy, talks with President Johnson. It was announced this week that Sir Alec would visit Washington for talks with the new American President on February 12 and 13. He will be accompanied by Mr Butler, the Foreign Secretary. President Johnson before that date is due to see Dr Erhard of Germany and President Segni of Italy. A special section on the US after President Kennedy's assassination is on pp. 368-379. To accommodate this section, some regular features have been omitted. They will be resumed next week

NEW ATLANTIC DIALOGUE

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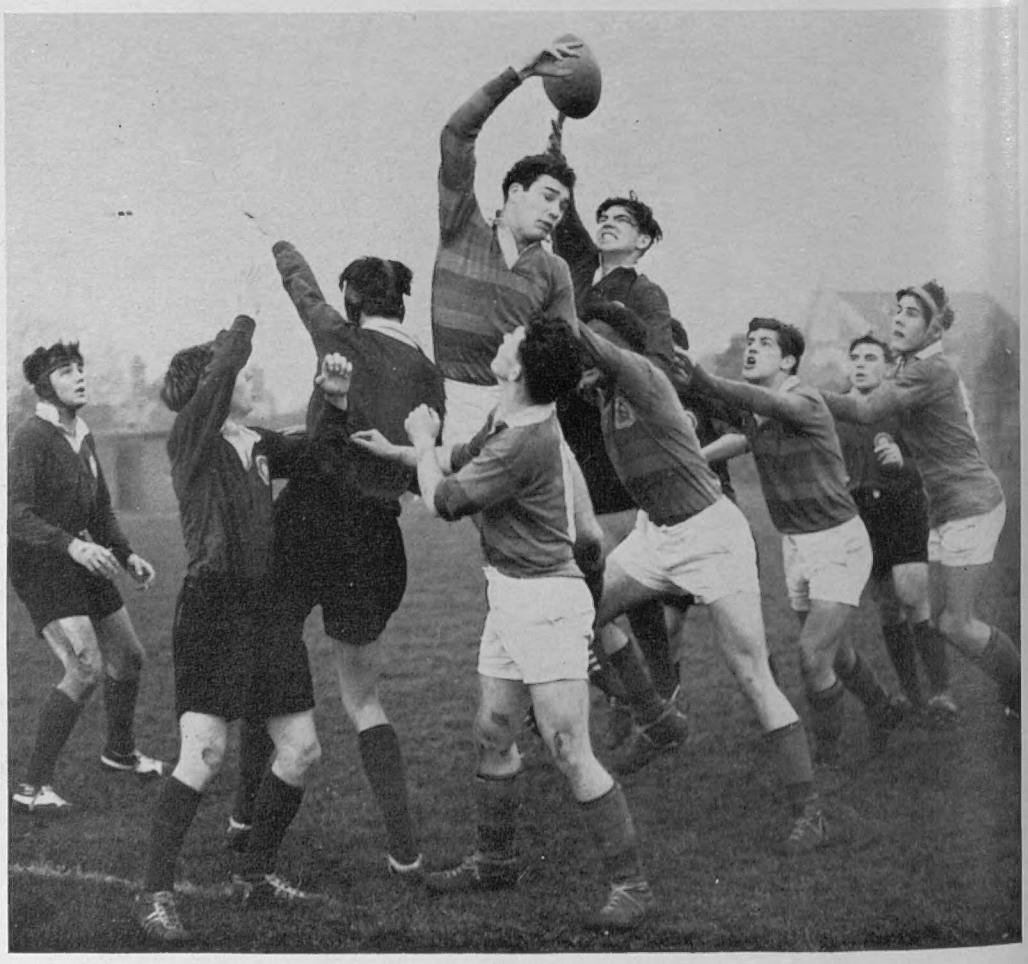
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

364 **Possibly a breach of security?**

This is probably the first photograph to appear publicly in the West of the advanced supersonic Russian fighter, the Mig 23, firing its air-to-air missiles. These appear to be considerably larger than comparable weapons in service in the West. The photograph was received recently in the offices of the magazine *Flight International*. One print, with a single frame of 16-mm. film, arrived by ordinary post. The identity of the sender was not revealed. The only comment appended was a reference to another issue of the magazine which had suggested that the missile might only be a dummy. A Mig 23, armed with these weapons, first appeared at a Russian air show two years ago. The photograph now indicates that this type of missile is sufficiently developed to be fired in anger. Little is known about the Mig 23, which has the Nato code name of Flipper. It has a delta-shaped wing and two turbojet engines. These should give it a speed of about Mach 2.5

Millfield v. The Duke of York's

In the picture above, G. E. Ralph, Captain of the Duke of York's Royal Military School XV, kicks for touch as Millfield's A. Ellett comes in to tackle in the match between the two schools at Rectory Field, Blackheath. Right, a line out takes place. Millfield won the game 14-3. They were quicker on to the ball throughout the match



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Gifts for Sir Winston
Claudia Beecham, of Highgate, aged 7, presents a bunch of flowers to Sir Winston Churchill on his arrival at the Savoy Hotel in London for a dinner of the Other Club, two days before his 89th birthday. Her brothers, Robert and Clive (who is not in the picture), presented the Grand Old Man with a cigar. The very exclusive Other Club dines once a month when Parliament is in session. It was founded by Sir Winston Churchill and F. E. Smith (1st Lord Birkenhead)

A safe seat for Mr Hogg?
The Conservative candidate for the London constituency of St. Marylebone fastens himself in the seat of his car as he sets out on a canvassing drive. On Polling Day (December 5) he had to defend a 14,771 majority. On the same day there were also to be by-elections at Openshaw, a Labour seat in Manchester, and Woodbridge and Sudbury

£3 million of masterpieces
Goya's "La Maja Desnuda" is carried into Burlington House, London, to be hung for the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition which is entitled "Goya and His Times" and opens on December 7. The treasures were brought from the Prado in Madrid to London under special guard. They are insured for £3 million and are being protected while on exhibition by the latest electronic devices

Another visitor from Spain
At the headquarters of the British Travel and Holidays Association in London, Lord Mabane, its chairman, shows posters to Senor Fraga-Iribarne, the Spanish Minister of Information and Tourism. The latter was on a four-day visit to Britain. Next year, 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, should be a bumper year for tourism

WORLD TRIBUTES

366 The death of President Kennedy has been mourned on an unprecedented scale throughout most of the world. As the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Ramsey, said at St. Paul's Cathedral last Sunday, "President Kennedy was one who touched something universal in the human heart." He was paying the nation's tribute at the memorial service in London attended by more than 3,000 people, led by members of the Royal Family and the Government. There was a crowd of over a thousand outside the cathedral. Representing the Queen at the service was the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen and the Queen Mother attended a memorial service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. They were joined by 400 US officers and men and their wives at the invitation of Her Majesty. One of the most striking tributes to President Kennedy's achievements in East-West relations was the handing over in Washington by the Russian Ambassador, Mr Dobrynin, of his Embassy's consular file on Lee Oswald, the President's alleged assassin.

Above: In Bogor, West Java, President Sukarno of Indonesia pays his nation's tribute to the late President Kennedy

Above right: Members of the General Assembly of the United Nations stand in New York to observe a minute's silence in memory of the murdered President. Immediately afterward the day's meeting was adjourned as "a sign of mourning"

Right: Mr Joseph H. Greene, the United States Chargé d'Affaires in New Delhi, conducts a memorial service. Seated at the left are President Radhakrishnan of India and the Prime Minister Mr Nehru

Left: The scene in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, during Britain's national memorial service mourning the death of President Kennedy

Below: The Queen and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother are received by the Very Rev. R. W. Woods, the Dean of Windsor, before the start of the memorial service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle

Above: Solemn Requiem Mass for President Kennedy is celebrated in Westminster Cathedral in London
Left: American servicemen enter St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for the special memorial service
Above right: At St. Paul's, for the service there, Lord Attlee greets Lady Churchill

THE ASSURED SUCCESSION

368 The dreadful tragedy that took place in Dallas on November 22 shocked the whole world. Not only were the American people and their friends and allies moved with horror and grief, but the Russian response was instantaneous. Mr Khrushchev sent a telegram of condolence to President Johnson that was heartfelt in tone. And both he and Madame Khrushchev paid homage to President Kennedy's memory at the American Embassy in Moscow, with all signs of genuine sorrow.

These actions of the Russian leader bear witness to one of the most important aspects of John F. Kennedy's achievement during his two years and ten months of office. He took over from General Eisenhower at an extremely tense stage in East-West relationships. He was confronted in 1961 by the building of the Berlin Wall and by a renewed threat to the free communications of West Berlin. And in the following year came the world-shaking crisis over Cuba which he surmounted with a magnificent display of strong nerve and calculated moderation.

In the meantime, his personal relationship with Mr Khrushchev, which had begun rather coolly at their first meeting in Vienna, had developed into a state of wary mutual respect. The Russian leader became convinced both of the sincerity and tenacity of Kennedy's views. The Russians learned to understand his meaning literally when he made such speeches as this, at American University last June: "And if we cannot end now our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity. For, in the final analysis, our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal." The last sentence is unbearably prophetic.

This new atmosphere of understanding between Moscow and Washington was undoubtedly limited in its scope, and hedged about by attitudes that had hardened ever since the end of the Second World War; but it played its part, along with Mr Macmillan's diplomacy, in securing the signing of the Test Ban Treaty this autumn.

It is fitting that in the last speech written by Mr Kennedy, which assassination prevented him from delivering in Dallas, he should have immortalised the high theme of his world policies. He had intended to conclude with these words: "We in this country, in this generation, are—by destiny rather than choice—the watchmen on the walls of world freedom. We ask therefore that we may be worthy of our power and responsibility and that we may achieve in our time and for all time the ancient vision of 'peace on earth, good will toward men.'"

The new President, Mr Lyndon B. Johnson, enters the White House with the goodwill of all who recognise the immense burdens of the office to which he succeeds so unexpectedly. Much has been made by some commentators of his alleged ignorance in foreign affairs. Can he, it is asked, marshal "the watchmen on the walls" so inspiringly as his predecessor? It is true that the first 32 years of Mr Johnson's political life were devoted to the closely knit domestic problems of Congress, first as a congressional secretary, then as a Representative, and from 1948 onwards as a Senator. It is true also that hitherto Mr Johnson has been most highly esteemed in his own country as a manager of Congressional opinion, a master of the lobby, expert in the use of patronage and adept at securing the maximum majority for the least amount of compromise. This was the rôle he filled when he was the Democratic floor-leader in the Senate under General Eisenhower's administration. To his work then as an accommodator of conflicting forces the best compliment has been paid to him by his predecessor as Vice-President, Mr Richard Nixon. Mr Nixon called him "one of the shrewdest political craftsmen of our time."

Mr Mikoyan, the Soviet Deputy Premier, has his first meeting with President Johnson in the White House

But there are other sides to President Johnson's experience besides his acquired skill as a genial manipulator of men. In the 1930's he became a young protégé of President Roosevelt, who was not a man to suffer small minds gladly. In the Senate in General Eisenhower's days he had to consider many problems of foreign aid and foreign affairs that were the subject of debate, and form his own judgment on them. In Kennedy's administration, unlike most Vice-Presidents in the past, Mr Johnson attended Cabinet meetings. If Kennedy made his principal decisions within the circle of private advisers, nevertheless, a great deal more briefing on world problems came the way of the former Vice-President than has been customary in American history.

During the past three years Mr Johnson has travelled widely in Asia and Europe, a rangy, "folksy" emissary, perhaps, but not without the capacity for acutely observing the scenes through which he passed. As for his public views, he is on record in terms from which his predecessor would not have dissented: "We have no desire to perpetuate the burdens and dangers of the cold war, no ambition to doom mankind to the accumulated folly of an intensified arms race, no wish to convince the Soviets that even unreasonable proposals will be rejected by us without fair or adequate consideration." He powerfully restated these views in his first address to Congress on November 27.

Continuity in foreign policy may therefore be expected from the new administration, whatever changes there must be in other departments of life and government. There will certainly be changes in due course at the White House. The late President assembled a hand-picked group of brilliant personal advisers and able members of his family which Mr Johnson may not wish to preserve. And Mrs Kennedy, whose gallantry and devotion has been the admiration of everyone during the past fortnight, had made of the White House an inspiring centre of artistic and intellectual activity such as it had never before been in Washington. Things are not likely to be the same under her successors.

It is infinitely to be regretted that the astonishing impact of the Kennedy family on the Washington scene will now be largely dissipated. There was a clarity and high purpose about all they did. But I recollect here the reaction of an American associate of mine to President Johnson's recorded voice a few days after the assassination. She forecast that the American public would listen with greater enthusiasm to the slow, kind, firm but rather humdrum Texan drawl than they had to the brisk, incisive and superior accent of Harvard. My informant is a graduate of Harvard. It may not be only with the Congress, which he knows so well, that Mr Johnson will have easier relations than his predecessor. **Alan Hodge**

Right: President Johnson addresses the joint session of Congress. Sitting behind him is John McCormack, Speaker of the House of Representatives

ALL THE WAY WITH LBJ

370 "For 32 years Capitol Hill has been my home." This simple statement that President Lyndon Johnson made in his first major speech as President last week, addressing the joint session of Congress, is probably the biggest single clue to the character of Lyndon Baines Johnson, the 36th President of the United States. He is pre-eminently a politician's politician. It was during the last six years of the Eisenhower administration—1954-1960—that Johnson made his mark on the national American scene. Then, as the Senate Majority Leader, he became the second most important man, after Eisenhower, in politics. He had the power, which he used, to select which programmes went through. He became one of the most respected craftsmen on Capitol Hill, skilled in the arts of persuasion, of compromise, of the possible. But it is his earlier political career which also must be emphasised—the early 1930's when Johnson was starting in politics and became an enthusiastic New Dealer and supporter of Franklin Roosevelt. When he campaigned in 1960 for the Democrat nomination, his slogan was "All the way with LBJ."

Lyndon Johnson was born to be a politician. His birthplace was in a little house near Stonewall, Texas, and the date August 27, 1908. Both his grandfather and father were members of the Texas legislature. In his youth, he went to Southwest Texas State Teachers College. Then in 1932 he went to Washington as a Congressional secretary, organised a group called the Little Congress and first won notice when he was appointed by Roosevelt as director of the National Youth Administration for Texas. From this office, he campaigned successfully to be elected, at the age of 29, to the House of Representatives. Since then, except for seven months in the Navy, he has held national elective office.

Another high point of his life was when, in 1957, he manoeuvred through Congress the first Civil Rights Bill since the aftermath of the Civil War. Behind the bluff, folksy exterior of the expansive Texan politician, there lies a man of great political skill and of firm beliefs that are near to Kennedy's. It is not for nothing Johnson's favourite quotation is said to be from Isaiah, "Come now, let us reason together."

Above: During his famous visit to West Berlin, when Vice-President, Lyndon Johnson talks with the Burgomaster of Berlin, Herr Brandt **Top:** In 1937, Johnson, a Congressman from Texas, with President Roosevelt in Galveston **Above left:** In the war, Lieut.-Commander Johnson, US Navy (right) in New Guinea

Top right: En route for the Democratic Conv... tion in 1960 as a Presidential candidate, Lyn... Johnson is surrounded by happy members ... his family (left to right) his wife, 'Ladybi... and his daughters, Linda and Lucy **Right:** Swallowing his pride, Johnson agre... to run with Kennedy on the Democratic ti...

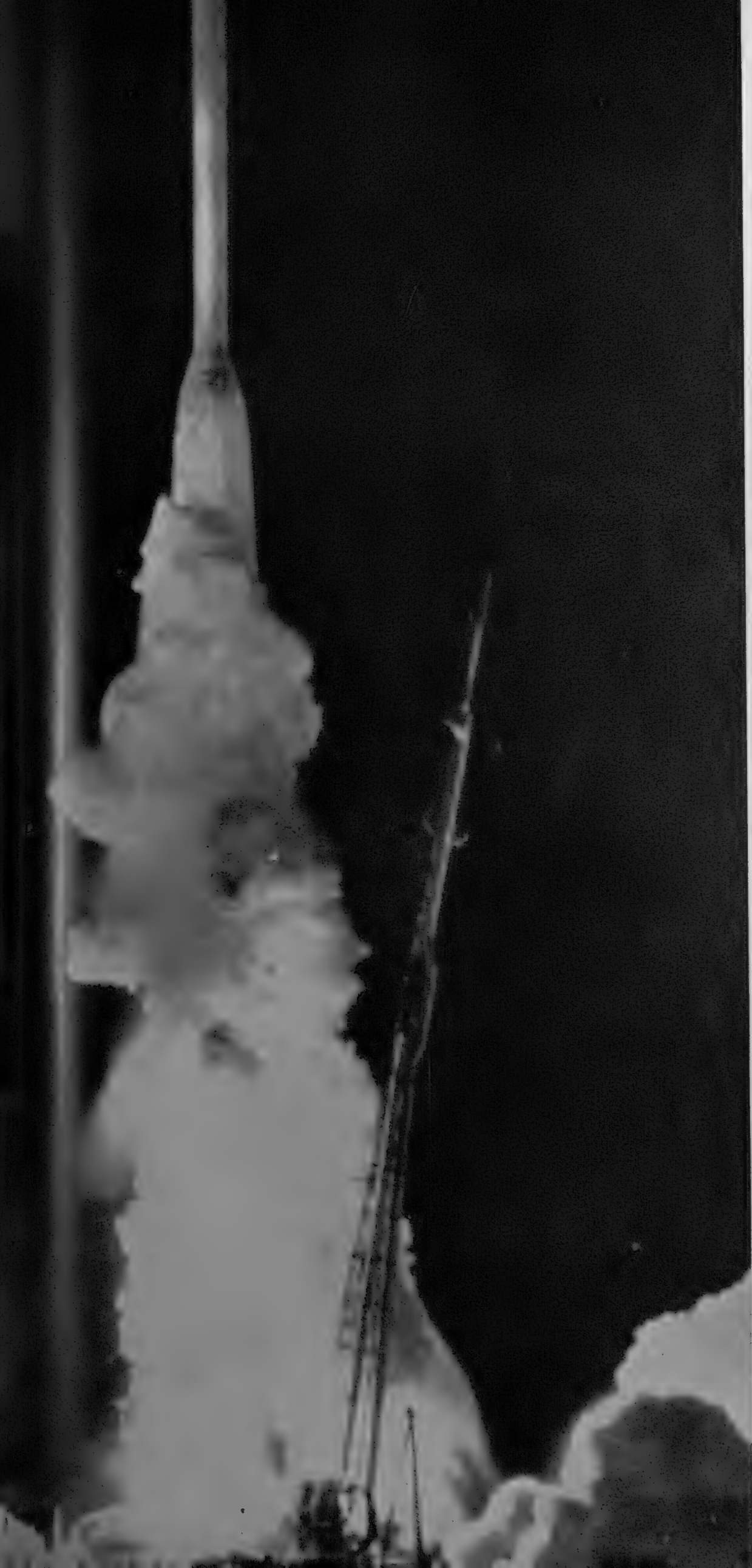
Above: A Texan, President Johnson owns a ranch in Texas. **Above centre:** In 1961, then Vice-President, Johnson travelled abroad. Here he is with President Ayub Khan of Pakistan in Karachi. **Top:** In Delhi on the same tour he is welcomed by the late President Prasad of India

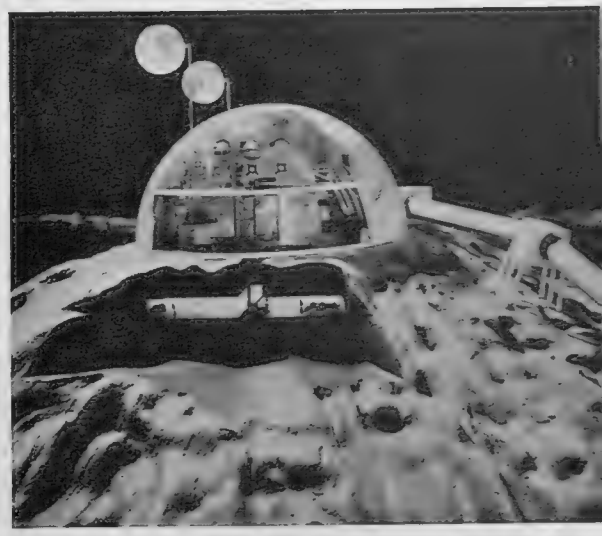
SHAME AND ACHIEVEMENT

372

Dallas, the immensely rich commercial centre of Texas, with its cluster of skyscrapers in the centre of the city. Now notorious for two acts of violence—the murders of President Kennedy and his alleged assassin—Dallas has a long history of violence. It has one of the highest murder rates in the western world. Like the state which it is in, Dallas can be said to be the meeting point of the traditions of the South and of the West of the US, combining a proud independence with extremes of political opinion. Texas, above all, is a land of wealth—from its natural resources of oil and minerals and from its herds of cattle and fields of cotton

Right: In some ways typical of the Texas politician is John Nance Garner (Cactus Jack). Now 95 and living in retirement in Uvalde, in his home state, Garner was President Franklin Roosevelt's first Vice-President. It was he who advised Lyndon Johnson not to accept the Vice-Presidency, saying the job was not worth "a bucket of warm spit"





The massive United States' space programme became during Kennedy's Presidency one of the best known of American achievements. A major part of this programme was committed to putting a man into space and then towards the goal of landing him on the moon. Technical direction of this programme is being carried out from Houston, Texas, where the $200 million Manned Spacecraft Centre is growing out of the ranch-land

Above: To further the space programme, the rockets are getting larger. Here a firing stage of a Saturn C-1 is erected on its launching pedestal

Top: An artist's drawing of one idea of a cupola that could be erected by astronauts on the moon

Left: Latest part of the programme to be launched—a three-stage Delta rocket carries an interplanetary monitoring platform out into an elongated orbit into space. Last week, first reports were that the IMP would be successful in its function of monitoring solar flares

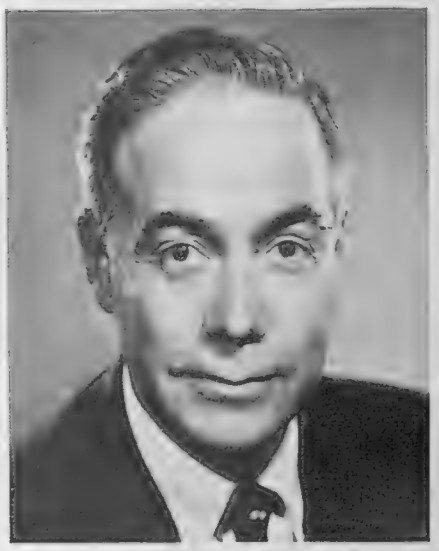
CONTENDERS FOR POWER?

The assassination of President Kennedy meant constitutionally that Vice-President Lyndon Johnson of Texas immediately assumed office and that the mantle of heir fell upon the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Almost unknown outside the US, the latter is John W. McCormack, a 71-year-old Massachusetts Irishman. He is a Boston Democrat politician who has never aspired higher than his present position. In the immediate period of President Johnson's assumption of office there seemed little likelihood that the Democrats would go against tradition and favour another candidate than him for the 1964 elections. But as far as the Republicans were concerned, the picture for 1964 was widely assumed to have changed. Few Republicans thought that Kennedy would be beaten. In that situation, the ultra-Conservative Senator Goldwater was making the running against the more liberal Governor Rockefeller of New York, who had the political handicap of his recent divorce. But against Johnson, the Republicans seemed to be swinging towards the centre again to moderate candidates like Governor Scranton or even Mr Nixon. One point is always remembered. In the Kennedy-Nixon contest the US was almost equally split between Democrat and Republican.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, already a declared Republican candidate for the 1964 Presidential elections

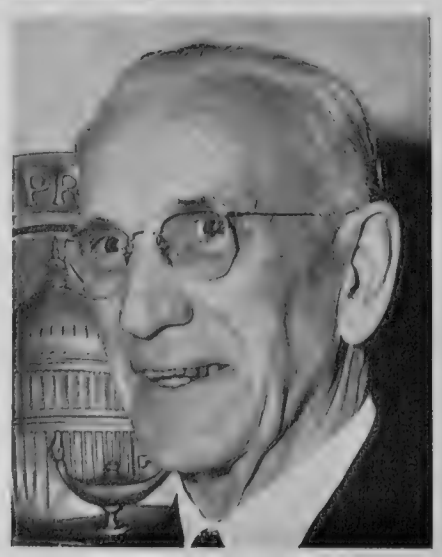
Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, a right-wing Republican, until recently seemed to be his Party's favourite candidate

Richard Nixon, former Vice-President, defeated by Kennedy in 1960, has re-emerged as a possible Republican candidate



Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania is a much favoured dark-horse candidate among moderate Republicans

Adlai Stevenson, the American representative at the United Nations, still commands support among liberal Democrats



Speaker of the House of Representatives, John McCormack is now next in succession to President Johnson

KEY DOMESTIC ISSUE

Speaking at Gettysburg on Memorial Day last month, Lyndon Johnson said, "100 years ago the slave was freed. 100 years later the Negro remains in bondage to the colour of his skin. The Negro today asks for justice." The issue of race relations and civil rights was the most serious which President Kennedy inherited from his predecessor. In the mid-1950's the US Supreme Court outlawed racial segregation. Like President Eisenhower, President Kennedy used his executive powers to enforce integration. Earlier this year, with the rioting in Birmingham, Alabama, President Kennedy presented his Civil Rights Bill, the boldest attempt made to solve the situation yet. But this, like much other domestic legislation, was bogged down in Congress. It is this situation President Johnson has inherited. He has already promised that he will continue to try to get the Civil Rights Bill passed. Other domestic issues which the new President has to grapple with include the American high rate of unemployment—5 per cent. of the work force. Here Kennedy proposed legislation that would cut taxes to enable business to invest more capital and create more work. This legislation too was held up in Congress. And finally, most of the Kennedy programme of social reform—aid to depressed areas, compulsory health insurance for the aged—remains an unfulfilled heritage. But President Johnson, addressing last week's joint session of Congress, committed himself to getting much of it enacted.

Right: Last July in New York—demonstrators who had chained themselves together and sat down on a construction site, alleging there were racial discrimination policies on the site, are ringed with police

November in St. Louis—police remove negro demonstrators from a busy street. **Right:** June in Detroit—police subdue a white man who had tried single-handed to stop a negro anti-segregation march

TWO YEARS AND TEN MONTHS

'Ask not what your country will do for you
—ask what you can do for your country'

'Let us never negotiate out of fear.
But let us never fear to negotiate'

—from President Kennedy's inaugural address, Jan. 20, 1961

Above: At the funeral of President Kennedy, his widow is flanked by his two brothers, Robert (on left) and Edward Kennedy. The elder, Robert Kennedy, was Attorney-General during his brother's Presidency, and is remaining in that post under President Johnson, at least for the time being. He has been closely involved in both the battle to achieve civil rights for negroes and in the long drawn out struggle to stamp out racketeering. Edward Kennedy, following in his brother John's footsteps, is senator for Massachusetts. He is in fact currently the youngest American senator

Above left: President Kennedy's inauguration under three years ago. It was a similar cold, clear day to his funeral. In the picture he is being sworn in by Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren. Left are Mrs Kennedy, Mrs Eisenhower and General Eisenhower. And on the right are Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon

Left: The confrontation in Vienna in June, 1961. Kennedy and Khrushchev shake hands

THE FRIEND OF THE WESTERN WORLD

The picture on these pages shows a boisterous crowd round President Kennedy in Cork during his visit to Ireland on his West European tour last summer. In Cork he spoke of Ireland's " only one export—the people." Informality was the keynote in Ireland and he was given the welcome due to a local boy who had made good. In West Germany and Italy, though the visits were more serious, Mr Kennedy mixed whenever possible with the ordinary people and he won the hearts of all West Berliners when he proclaimed while there " Ich bin ein Berliner." Even during his brief time in Britain for talks with Mr Macmillan at his Sussex home, after attending Mass in a nearby church, he broke away from his security guards to shake hands with onlookers outside. Everywhere he went he became a personal friend to the West.

AMERICA IN LONDON

380 Grosvenor Square, of which the new United States Embassy now occupies the west side, is one of the many London squares with numerous historical associations. The great protagonist of liberty, John Wilkes, died in one of the houses in 1797 and a contemporary resident was William Beckford, owner of Fonthill Abbey and author of *Vathek*. (He lent the house to Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Admiral Nelson was a frequent visitor.) No. 44 was the residence of Lord Harrowby in the early years of the 19th century. Here the news of the victory of Waterloo was received in 1815. Five years later a conspiracy was foiled in the same house to blow up the entire British cabinet at dinner. Apart from the American Embassy, Grosvenor Square is perhaps the part of London which especially emphasises the Anglo-American special relationship. Here is the statue of President Roosevelt. The other statue of a great American President, Abraham Lincoln, is in Parliament Square close by the Houses of Parliament. Before long, if current plans mature, London should have a statue of John F. Kennedy. *Continued on page 382*

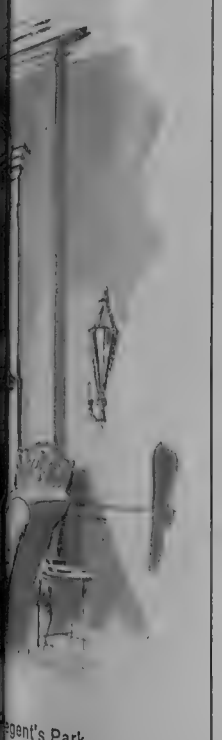
The State Dining Room in the Residence of the United States Ambassador in London

The exterior of the Embassy in Grosvenor Square, L

Drawings by **GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER**

The Drawing Room of the Ambassador's Residence, cl

mpleted in 1960



egent's Park

continued overleaf

AMERICA IN LONDON *continued from page 380*

The first United States Ambassador to Britain, John Adams, who became the second United States President, lived not far away from Grosvenor Square, in Duke Street. Today the Ambassador resides in Winfield House, situated on the Outer Circle of Regent's Park. It was built by Barbara Hutton between 1935-36 and she donated the house and 12½ acres for the use of the US Ambassador. At that time he had his residence in Prince's Gate, and Winfield House was a USAAF officers' club until 1954. Then a new lease was granted on condition the Ambassador resided there.

Of course, London's associations with America began long before Independence. In Craven Street, off the Strand and near *The Sphere* offices, that versatile sage Benjamin Franklin lived from 1757 to 1762 and from 1764 to 1772. His stay there is commemorated by a plaque on the exterior.

Lincoln's statue in Westminster

Benjamin Franklin's house in Craven Street

In this house in Duke Street, W.1, lived John Adams, first US Minister to Britain

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

Murder of the President

Four Presidents of the USA died by the hands of assassins. Two more barely escaped attempts to kill them. There is no more foul or senseless form of crime than political assassination, and no precaution can guarantee anyone, high or humble, from a madman's stroke. Every political assassin is a madman, since his action settles nothing but a personal revenge nourished in a perverted mind. If he murders a cruel despot, another Amurath succeeds. If he murders a good man, his lunacy is the more clear. President Kennedy has died in the early prime of life, with great achievements behind him and confident promise of greatness to come. No man is indispensable perhaps. A great man's untimely death may discover greatness in one less known, or little known. It has done so in the past. Time will show. The job of President of the United States is fully proved to carry great occupational risks, physically no less than politically—a six to one chance of assassination implies a very hazardous assignment. All hearts and all sympathy for the moment go out to his young widow and two small children from all quarters of the civilised world.

Premier's fireside chat

I have always liked our new Premier from his youth up. I like his face, I like his good manners and simplicity, I like his voice and his public speaking which lacks mannerisms and efforts to imitate the tricks and affectations of famous orators. So I listened with pleasure to his first fireside chat to the nation, the more so because he did not tilt at rival parties. His purpose was to take us all into his confidence, to explain to us what the Tories intend to do to "modernise" Britain and how those tremendous reforms would be paid for. It was quite simple. The money would be found by a 100 per cent. co-partnership between the nation and its government. Every one of us from Cabinet Minister to dustman would put into the kitty in hard work all he had to offer and would take out no more than he had earned. The job would be done by personal goodwill and initiative, not by controls or bossing, an equal co-partnership between government and people, to enable every citizen to seize opportunity and use his talents to the full for the nation's good. Not of course a new nostrum. Sir Alec certainly made abundantly clear the magnitude of the reforms. Mr Lloyd the previous day had listed what Toryism had achieved in a dozen years before Sir Alec came to power in the rise in real income per head, in housing, in school building and places, in pensions and industrial earnings and personal savings. All this was achieved before Sir Alec's great idea broke. What may not come if the great idea is adopted?

"A slight touch of cynicism"

A slight touch of cynicism creeps in over the simplicity (charming as it was) of a Premier taking the nation into his confidence. In my experience that can only be done in times of mortal danger and only once in my lifetime has a Premier told the nation the whole truth—that was after Dunkirk—and the whole truth was so bad that the co-operation—the 100 per cent. co-partnership—*was* achieved while the danger remained, and thereafter quickly fell away. In the atmosphere of 1963 it is hardly to be expected that the invitation to 100 per cent. co-operation will be universally accepted. Who's afraid? We are already told that we are booming and going to boom higher. I anticipate that when the bill comes up for settlement, there will be a little extra to find from taxation, a "supplementary" resulting from the failure of a percentage of us who have continued to take out of the kitty more than we have put in. All the same, it was a charming chat, and Sir Alec "took us into his confidence" as far as a peace-time Premier can be expected to do; and many of those who listened to him must have liked him the more personally, if their confidence in Toryism as the party of the present and the future did not grow step by step with their affection and respect for Sir Alec.

The service of Dedication of the new Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks in London. Prince Philip (far left) represented the Queen. At left, the Queen Mother is seen being greeted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who conducted the service. The new chapel in the barracks off Birdcage Walk was rebuilt on the site of its predecessor which was destroyed by a flying bomb during a morning service on June 18, 1944. All that remained of the original building was the apse, which has been incorporated in the new chapel

Pests riddance

Many quite elaborate methods of ridding London of its pigeon population and the harmful effects of their roosting habits have been suggested, and some have been tried out. The pigeons remain. The most brilliant and successful inventions are sometimes the most simple ideas, which have long evaded humanity—for some unexplained reason. The pigeons have to eat like other living creatures. If feeding them in Trafalgar Square and one or two other favourite centres in London were forbidden under penalty, the pests would take wing. They would grow precious thin on what they could pick up in the streets or open spaces in the motor age. Well, it's an idea and for me a new one. Whether it would apply to starlings I don't know. No one wants to feed starlings or to be photographed feeding them. The starlings, I suppose, come in to roost and dine in the suburbs. The pigeons are residents.

The Old Stager

A MARINA IN PLYMOUTH SOUND?

384 "Plymouth itself is almost an island, with an almost literally priceless waterfront which is tragically underdeveloped in terms of beauty and commerce. Plymouth Sound could provide a yachting centre which, if properly planned, might well be and remain the best such centre in Great Britain." I am quoting from a memorandum which has been prepared by an enthusiastic group whose members are determined to promote such a development.

They argue that the traditional activities, such as shipping and fishing, have already declined or are in danger of doing so. The Naval Dockyard which provides activity and employment is the mainstay of the City's economy, and the present total dependence on it is a potential danger. Efforts have been made to develop the area as an industrial centre, but the disadvantages of being too far removed from other centres, particularly London, mean that this can only be done to a limited extent. The geographical position and scenic beauty suggest that the future lies in the realm of making Plymouth into a holiday centre. Because there is at present no local demand for restaurants and night-time amusement, the image of Plymouth is completely out of keeping with such development. To make the magnificent new shopping centre prosperous it is necessary to attract visitors to Plymouth with a higher purchasing power than those coming there at present.

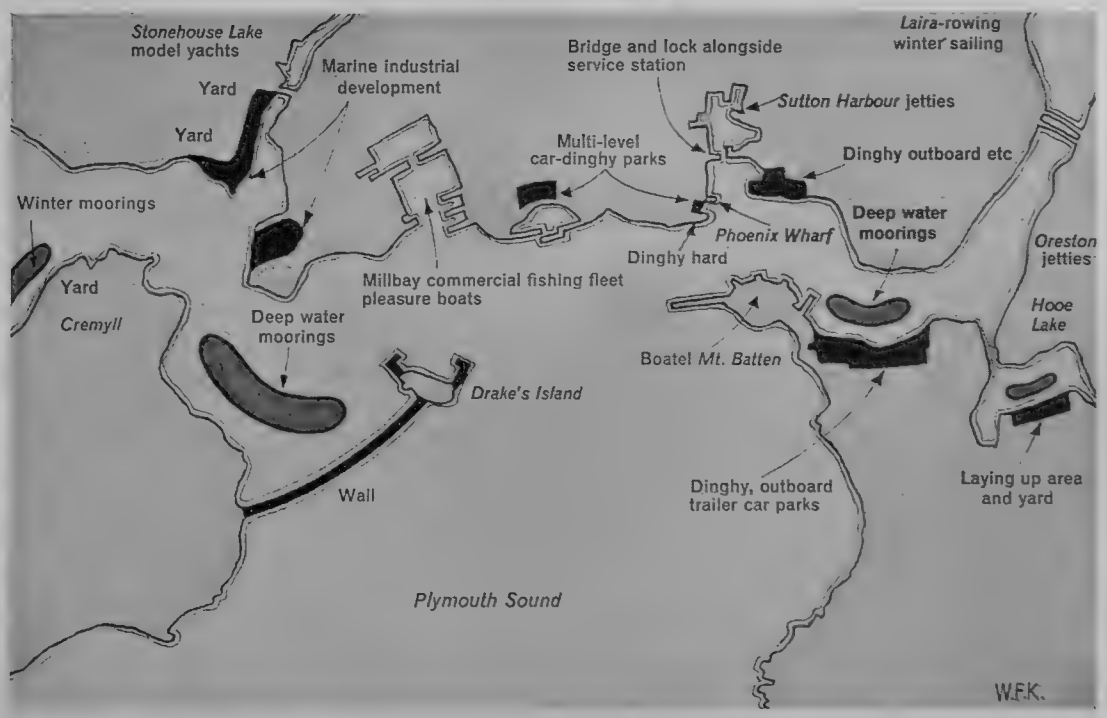
It is argued by Mr R. Harris, a yachtsman and Managing Director of the Plymouth Gin firm, who is the prime mover of the Plymouth Marina Scheme, that the best way to achieve this is to create a first-rate yachting centre. This would provide a virtually new "growth" industry, by exploiting to the full the Sound and its waterfront and, by creating a hóliday image, bring great purchasing power and prosperity to the city. It is pointed out in the memorandum that yachting in this country is still in its infancy, and the future growth can be assessed by looking at the position in the US. There, 40 million people, or one in four of the total population, took part in recreational boating during 1960. Over 8 million boats were in use, of which $1\frac{1}{4}$ million were of 25 ft. or greater length. The estimated amount spent on boating in the US is in the region of £850 million per annum.

It is not thought to be over-optimistic to translate this into an amount of £150 million which might be spent in this country in a year of the near future, considering that our population is about a third of that of the US, nor to suggest that the number of boats over 25 ft. long would then be over 200,000. Foreseeing such an imposing target figure, it can be safely argued that a sensible Marina project is a sound business proposition.

A reasonable suggested estimate is to apportion one per cent. of the total number of yachts to Plymouth, and equally one per cent. of the money to be spent on them, i.e. £1·5 million as the revenue to benefit the city. The report exclaims: "How many cars and what road improvements and at what cost would be required to produce this sort of expenditure in the Plymouth area from overland visitors?" It is also worked out that employment directly connected with the provision of yachting facilities would be given permanently to about 1,200 men.

The proposals are not put forward light-heartedly. A questionnaire was sent to 4,525 yachtsmen, and from the replies received it is clear that certain facilities are considered desirable by most of them, although, unfortunately only 803 have taken the trouble to reply. Of those who answered, 727 declared to be attracted to Plymouth if and when the Marina facilities are available, some to keep their boats at Plymouth permanently.

Mr Harris is convinced that the finance required for building marina facilities in Plymouth Sound, with a final target of catering for 2,500 larger craft and many thousands of smaller ones, in the region of £3 million would be a sound investment. Analysing the revenue of existing marinas, it is found, that 20 per cent. of the total of income, i.e. £300,000 is direct revenue, and this would cover the loan of £3 million for 20 years at 6 per cent. interest. Because the direct revenue is only a fifth of the total, private capital cannot be expected to finance the scheme unless the marina were situated well away from any shopping centre, eating and drinking places, boat yards and so on. As this is not the case, and the benefits would go to the community, it must be done with public money. Mr Harris reckons that probably £1,000 could be spent per yacht without calling on the ratepayers' money. He does not consider the number of 2,500 large yachts to be accommodated at some date in the future as fantastic as it seems.



Left: At the end of the 1963 Fastnet race, one of the yachts is welcomed in Plymouth Sound before entering the dock
Far left: Some of the 103 contestants for this year's Fastnet moored in the commercial Millbay Dock, Plymouth
Below: A map showing one long-term plan to develop Plymouth Sound as a yachting centre, to accommodate 2,500 yachts and many smaller vessels

What can be done was convincingly illustrated recently when all possible facilities were specially organised for the yachts which had competed in the Fastnet race. The fleet of 103 yachts from 12 different countries was given a magnificent reception by the special committee of the Royal Western Yacht Club of England, led by Mr R. Harris, who is vice-chairman of its management committee. Berths were allocated in the commercial Millbay Dock, and with the co-operation of the City Council and many others every possible service was made available, including an escorting motorboat to the appointed berth. Showers, shaving points, drying rooms, one-hour pressing and one-day laundry, GPO telephones, money exchange, interpreters, milk, grocery and other supplies as well as mail deliveries to each yacht, travel service, repair facilities and sail makers, mains electric power for those who wanted it and battery charging were the principal services offered.

British and overseas visitors were equally impressed by the excellence of such a welcome, and one of them, Mr Peter Green, Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, said at a reception given for the Fastnet sailors, that the organisation was such as there had never been before in any English port and in very few foreign ones. This exercise no doubt will help to convince Mr Harris's townspeople that what can be laid on for a special occasion can also be organised on a permanent basis. The total value of the yachts filling the Dock was estimated at not far below £1·5 million and the money spent in Plymouth by their crews cannot fail to make a strong impression.

I understand that negotiations are already started to create the first part of the Plymouth Marina in Millbay Dock. Part of it might be leased by the Corporation, the finance has already been agreed for this, it is only a matter of deciding where the new jetties needed should be built within the Dock. Trial borings have already been made, but it is not an easy problem, for the basin has a solid rock bottom. It is said to have been formed by the stone being quarried there for Brunel's famous railway bridge over the river Tamar between Devon and Cornwall.

Everywhere the need for better accommodation for the growing number of yachts is realised, and in many parts of the country schemes for the building of marinas are being developed. It looks as if Plymouth might steal a march on the others and take the lead.

CARNIVAL TIME IN BELGIUM

One of the interesting things about Belgium's carnivals is that most of them take place in little towns rarely included on a holiday-maker's itinerary. Binche, for example, is a modest lace-making centre about 12 miles west of Charleroi, and I doubt if it has any claim to fame other than the fact that the fabulous Gilles carnival occurs there every Shrovetide.

Another curious thing is that, while all these carnivals are based on perfectly good, if somewhat rather obscure, historical fact or tradition, there is really nothing to link them together. Nothing, that is, except the fairy-tale exuberance they all share and their timing during that normally bitter period bridging the New Year and Ash Wednesday. Certainly there is nothing half-hearted about any of them, and if anyone is suffering from mid-winter depression there can be few more guaranteed cures than a roving tour of Belgium's carnivals just prior to Lent.

Even earlier than this the year gets off to a good start in Eben-Emael and Malmédy on the last three Thursdays of January and the first in February. More rousing still is Mad Monday, a day which the inhabitants of Renaix (Ronse), 25 miles south of Ghent, have earmarked for quite deliberately running amok. Mad Monday is the first Monday after Epiphany (January 13 next year), though festivities begin the day before. Like most of the carnivals the custom goes back to the Middle Ages, but nowadays the madness isn't reserved for inhabitants of Renaix alone. " Bonmos " or madcaps, costumed or not, come pouring in from as far afield as Brussels and northern France to witness or take part in this day of unleashed revelry.

The famous Gilles carnival of Binche has quite serious undertones. First, the weirdly beautiful costumes of the Gilles and their strange dance are said to be based on the " Ballet of the Incas ", presented in 1540 in honour of the Conquistadores who had shortly before conquered Peru. Secondly, the honour of being a Gille does not rest lightly on those chosen to wear these fantastic garbs, a-jingle with bells and topped by huge head-dresses of ostrich feathers. According to local unwritten laws no Gille is allowed to leave the town nor to dance at any other period of the year. Also the costume itself is no mean financial burden. Preparations for the carnival begin in January; the climax occurs during the three days from Sunday to Shrove Tuesday (February 9 to 11, 1964), a period marked by music and pageantry and the tireless dancing of the Gilles (Shrove Tuesday), bombarding the vast crowds of spectators with oranges as they go, as a symbol of the treasure of Peru.

Twenty miles north-west of Brussels on the road to Ghent, it is the Giants who tower over the carnival scene of Aalst (Alost). Again the Carnival lasts at least three days, but the principal day is Sunday (February 9) when Seigneur Ywein, Loretta, Major Cans, and the Bayard horse—successors to the great and sober giants of the 15th century—lead a vast procession through packed streets.

During the same period, but at the other end of Belgium, Malmédy and Eupen are

The best-known Belgian carnival is that of the Binche (Hainaut). The dancers appear in ostrich feather hats

enjoying similar moments of madness. A visit to both could easily be combined since they are separated by only 18 miles across the splendid desolation of the High Fagnes, and both are within 30 miles of Liège. Malmédy's carnival lasts for four days from the Saturday until Shrove Tuesday (main day, Sunday, February 9) and the tone of it is set by the sheer fantasy of the characters who take part: *Haguettes* with their great claws, Dwarfs from the caverns of the Ardennes rivers, Savages and Cobblers, Harlequins and Pierrots, strange creatures with long arms or long noses or carrying long brooms, whose day is devoted to an extravanganza of prank-playing.

Eupen's chief carnival day is Rosenmontag (Rose Monday, February 10). The Carnival Prince, elected by secret ballot, is ceremoniously enthroned on the Saturday; Sunday is devoted to the Children's Carnival; now, on the Monday, Prince Carnival officially takes over from the Mayor for the duration of the two feast days. The principal procession, made up of about 50 chariots, has as its main theme a burlesque review of world events, enlivened by a sham war in which the delighted crowds are bombarded with confetti.

On Ash Wednesday, Carnival cedes its place to the solemnities of Lent. On the first Sunday after Ash Wednesday (February 16), however, history and legend have given the people of Geraardsbergen (Grammont), 25 miles south-west of Brussels, an excuse for a brief respite. The story goes that a leading townsman ended a siege in 1380 by throwing all the remains of the town's provisions—a few herrings and some stale bread—from the top of the ramparts into the moat below. The besiegers from Ghent, who must have been very gullible, indeed, assumed the town had inexhaustible supplies, packed up their tents and went away. Other stories attribute the carnival to a pagan ceremony in honour of the Goddess Ceres. Whatever the original cause, the effect of Krakelingenworp and Tonnekenbrand, as the festivities are called, is undeniably gay. Krakelingen, or biscuits, are thrown to the waiting crowds from the top of Oudenberg hill, and city dignitaries fulfil the symbolic if rather unenviable task of " drinking " tiny fish from a silver cup of red wine. The night of the festival, a barrage of pitch blazes on top of the Oudenberg (Tonnekenbrand), and bonfires flare into life for miles around.

Two more main carnivals occur before Lent is over; one at Fosse ten miles from Namur, the other at Stavelot four miles from Malmédy. Both take place during mid-Lent (March 8).

The special characters of Stavelot are the Blancs-Moussis, white-clad, white-masked, but red-nosed, an ironical tribute to the Middle Ages when monks from Stavelot monastery took part in local revelry. Today, however, the Blancs-Moussis have their own Knighthood of Honour whose members include some of the most famous names in Belgium. In Fosse, the hunch-backed Chinels are the prank-players of the procession as they dance their strange way through the town. Feature of this dance is the way in which the Chinels stop, as though transfixed, when the music stops, starting again a moment later as if jerked by an invisible string.

These carnivals are but a few of the many which take place throughout Belgium at different times of the year. Many of them are no longer the local affairs they once were, for people pour into these townships from big cities far and wide. And this in itself should provide cheering evidence that the fantasies of childhood lurk within most of us yet, and are still to be enjoyed.

For further information: Belgian National Tourist Office, 66, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

Means of access: London-Brussels, by BEA, Sabena, etc., from £17 14s tourist-class return, to £22 13s 1st-class return.

London-Brussels, by surface travel, from £7 16s 2nd-class return; from £10 14s 1st-class return.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

PROSPECT OF GREENOCK

Where the broad marsh, a shuddering surface lies,
Fair Greenock's spires, in new-born beauty rise;
And many an infant city rises round
Emerging swiftly from the teeming ground. . . .

That is John Wilson (1720-89), a failed poet, who was a master at Greenock Grammar School. He was a contemporary of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, who was also a Greenock man, but he was describing Greenock before the town came under the influence of steam. Few people could honestly describe Greenock as " fair " today. Another Greenock man, John Davidson (1857-1909), wrote of his town in the hey-day of steam:

. . . this grey town
That pipes the morning up before the lark
With shrieking steam, and from a hundred stalks
Lacquers the sooty sky; where hammers clang
On iron hulls, and cranes in harbours creak,
Rattle and swing, whole cargoes on their necks;
Where men sweat gold that others hoard or spend,
And lurk like vermin in their narrow streets:
This old grey town, this firth, this further strand
Spangled with hamlets, and the wooded steeps,
Whose rocky tops behind each other press,
Fantastically carved like antique helms
High-hung in heaven's cloudy armoury,
Is world enough for me.

The last few lines are true enough today. There are still " wooded steeps " and high hung " rocky tops." Renfrewshire is a small county with a large population. It contains some important industrial towns—Greenock, Paisley, Port Glasgow, Renfrew (as well as a good deal of Glasgow). So one is always aware of industry, the grime of industry, and inclined to forget that there is also within the county some fine wild moorland and that you have not to go very far to find it: Eaglesham Moor, for example, which is on the very fringe of the industrial area, and west of Lochwinnoch, towards the Ayrshire border.

There is moorland just behind Greenock itself and from the top, by the waterworks, you get on a fine day a magnificent view of the Clyde estuary and the mountains beyond; and at night, when the lights across the water twinkle in ascending steps up the heights, a view (is that the right word for something seen in darkness?) which I can only describe as thrilling. Seen thus, by day or night, one can understand that Greenock, in the days when steam meant work if not actual prosperity, would be " world enough."

But Greenock today? I cannot pretend that I know Greenock well. Perhaps I do not really know it at all, for all my visits have been fleeting. I am there only for a few hours, and then usually at night and to work. Lecturing in Greenock, by the way, is a most rewarding experience. Even in these days of television you can be assured of a large audience, several hundred anyway, and drawn from every conceivable income-group; and this is something now altogether unknown in the affluent south. Greenock was the first town in Scotland to have a public library, and intellectual curiosity is still very strong in Greenock folk. On visits as short as this one gathers impressions rather than knowledge.

Greenock is not what it was. This is not an impression. I know it: not because I knew Greenock in the days of its prosperity, but because the fact hits you in the face, is inescapable, as soon as you walk out of the West Station into the ill-lit street. The fine solid buildings, the width of the main streets, show you clearly what once this town was and at the same time what it has not been for a long while now. Greenock is a depressed town. Even today, when some measure of work has returned to the shipyards, Greenock is a depressed town. Many years of unemployment, of under-employment, have left their mark not only on the physical being of the town itself but on its inhabitants. You can always tell when you are in a depressed area. People hard hit by circumstance are friendly and helpful: the folk of boom towns rarely have time to be either.

Overlooking the Firth of Clyde and the town of Gourock, just west of Greenock

The great depression of the early '30's was much worse in Scotland than it was even in the north of England. Greenock, and this is equally true of many other places in the industrial belt of Scotland, has never really recovered from that terrible time. Except for the war years, there has always been a pretty high level of unemployment in Greenock and recently the figure has risen. I do not know what the unemployment figure for the town now is, but I do know that there is not enough light industry, that this is a man's town, a heavy industry town, and that there is not enough work. On my last visit I was told that the population in 1959 was almost 78,000; that today it is estimated at just over 74,000, a big drop in four years.

There has also been a drop, proportionately as big, in smaller neighbouring Port Glasgow. Both are ship-building towns. The young have to leave if they are to find work. No one I talked to in Greenock seemed to think that they would return. The young of Clydeside have their eyes fixed on the south-east of England. For that matter, nobody—I cannot speak for the executive class: I did not drink with them—seemed to think it likely that sufficient new industry would be attracted to Clydeside to check the drift: at any rate, not until there was no space for another factory in the south of England.

In the pubs of Greenock they talk politics, except on Saturday nights, when they talk football, not party politics as such, but industrial politics: and you cannot stop them. I have to report—this is not an impression—that the Prime Minister's " one per cent." is regarded in the Greenock pubs as nothing more than a gimmick. Those without work, or with insufficient work, are not impressed by stirring calls for greater effort. And I have to report—again, this is not an impression—that in the pubs of Greenock (and, if you do not think that pub talk is important, remember that all these men and their womenfolk have a vote) the recently announced plans for industrial Scotland are regarded pretty cynically. " Left it a bit late, haven't they?" was the invariable comment.

Strangely enough, it was never more forcefully expressed than that. Even political discussion in the pubs was friendly: a sort of impersonal comment from the touch-line, as though these people were not involved in the game at all. I did not find any chips on shoulders in Greenock. It seemed to me that time had worn them off. This was the one thing that really did depress me. For in my opinion there is nothing like a good hard chip for raising a spark.

THE WRITERS THEMSELVES

388 **Museum Piece** by James Laver: Andre Deutsch. 25s, is the autobiography of Mr James Laver whose own description of the book is the Education of an Iconographer. Mr Laver went from Oxford to the Victoria and Albert Museum where he worked for 37 years but the image of a certain withdrawn scholarliness, not to say stuffiness, has never applied to him. Indeed, from the time that he won the Newdigate Prize and was told by one of his rowing friends that it was a disgrace, there has never been a trace of pompousness about this likeable figure, one of whose sidelines is the writing of bright little verses for revues. Altogether a memoir that is natural in style and includes some good anecdotes about the great, from Huxley to Olivier and from Arlott to Zinkeisen.

I Owe Russia $1200 by Bob Hope: Robert Hale. 18s. reveals the famous comedian as an author and, less surprisingly, as the initiator of several hundred good wisecracks. From the beginning, in which Mr Hope touches lightly on the Khrushchevs' visit to Hollywood and suggests that Nikita thought the 20th Century Fox studio was named after him, to the end, after one of his constant world tours to visit serving men, the book provides laugh after laugh and some less predictable good sense about foreign relations.

Presentation Parlour by Kate O'Brien: Heinemann. 21s, is a book of reminiscences or a fragment of autobiography, whichever you please. It is contained within portrait sketches of five of the author's aunts, each of them lovingly and amusingly portrayed. Miss Kate O'Brien had eight brothers and sisters and her mother died when she was three so the whole family came heavily under the influence of these various aunts. What is there in the quality of Miss O'Brien's writing that makes it such a pleasure to read anything she writes? It is not all Irishry nor the skilful evocation of the diversity of human character or the obnubilatory softness and harshness of the Irish scene. There is a real poet inside this writer which shows in almost every line she writes. Not only did she love these aunts but she takes us along with her: no mean literary feat.

The Loves of George Bernard Shaw by C. G. L. Du Cann: Arthur Barker. 30s, is an examination (in the light of all the books about Shaw it might fairly be called a re-examination) of all the occasions, sometimes long-lasting, sometimes short, on which Bernard Shaw fell deeply in love. Two at least of these episodes are familiar to us: his passion for Mrs Patrick Campbell and his love for Ellen Terry. Others, such as his fond friendship with Florence Farr, have been less publicised. In a conversation at the age of 90 he gave what was perhaps the ultimate view of his situation. "Women," he said, "have been a ghastly nuisance in my life. Do you think impotent people as we are called, are sexless? We fall for women more passionately than the so-called normal creatures. Nature can be very cruel . . . I was inadequately equipped for love."

What is Remembered by Alice B. Toklas: Michael Joseph. 21s, is an autobiography which, apart from its main subject, has nothing to do with that fascinating earlier book *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, written in fact by Gertrude Stein. Miss Toklas's own effort is written with a deliberate, almost childish, simplicity that is not without its effect and sometimes can be extremely amusing. She has stories to tell about their mutual friends who included Carl Van Vechten, Picasso, Thornton Wilder, Lord Berners and Scott Fitzgerald, and a good deal to say that is revealing about her great friend. Far from banal and a little part of the picture of our own decades.

One Fat Englishman by Kingsley Amis: Gollancz. 18s, reminds us that here is still one of the most acute and freshest talents in contemporary letters. Mr Amis has set his new novel in the United States and the obese compatriot is a visiting publisher who is swiftly caught up in an almost too convivial whirl among college professors and their wives. One of the latter is the object of his lustful affections (for this Roger is a man of strong passions in spite of his unprepossessing appearance). He is also well on his way to becoming an alcoholic, quarrelsome and increasingly fluent in his fights, clever and quick witted when relatively sober. We follow his antics, his frequent disappointments, his small successes and his often very funny dilemmas with a good deal more sympathy, I am sure, than if we were to meet him in the abundant flesh. Mr Amis has written a successfully satirical book which should do nothing at all for Anglo-American relations, from whichever side of the Atlantic they are viewed.

A God and his Gifts by I. Compton-Burnett: Gollancz. 18s, poses a problem or two. First of

THE WORLD OF DICKENS

Dickens in His Time by Ivor Brown: Nelson. 25s.
The Age of Chivalry by Arthur Bryant: Collins. 36s.
The Concise Encyclopedia of English and American Poets and Poetry: Hutchinson. 50s.
The Architecture of the Italian Renaissance by Peter J. Murray: Batsford. 50s.
Victorian Architecture edited by Peter Ferriday: Jonathan Cape. 55s.
The First World War by A. J. P. Taylor: Hamish Hamilton. 35s.
The Wasted Hour by Brian Gardner: Cassell. 36s.

Ragged children in Lambeth in the early '90's, an illustration from Ivor Brown's *Dickens in His Time*

When we think of Dickensian England we mostly have two distinct pictures in our minds; one that is warm and jolly and Pickwickian, the other that is dark and grim and linked with the dirt and brutality of factories and workhouses. Dickens indeed was a sort of conjuror in relation to the people of his time. He drew reels and reels of highly coloured caricature out of an ordinary person as dazzlingly as a conjuror draws reels and reels of highly coloured paper out of an ordinary hat. His exaggerations always seemed to be the logical extension of something that really existed, and his world was wide. He loved human kind and could write about people and their foibles and eccentricities because of the intensity of his observation. Ivor Brown in *Dickens in His Time* brings this world to life with telling force, describing the political and economic conditions which Dickens so strenuously attacked, and giving a picture of the truly appalling day-to-day struggle in factories, mills, mines and city slums. What was eaten, what was drunk, what was enjoyed in homes and upon outings are all noticed, and, of course, with frequent reference to the appropriate Dickensian characters. It is as well perhaps that before that age, so rich and so squalid, so gay and so dismal, passes still further beyond our ken that we should join in making this backward glance to Dickensian England to which Ivor Brown so engagingly invites us.

Sir Arthur Bryant's *Story of England* now moves majestically on to its second volume, the high Middle Age, the century and more between the reigns of Edward I and Richard II. When it began England was still an integral part of Latin Christendom; her governing class spoke French and her educated folk Latin. In the years that followed England became a parliamentary monarchy, and Sir Arthur handles this vital theme (for as we became then we remain essentially today) with all his expected mastery. Here is a triumph of condensation, which none the less allows the bold outlines of our history to emerge sharp and clear.

Bringing together in a single volume biographies of the poets of the English-speaking world, and assessments of their individual works, has been a vast and worthwhile labour for Stephen Spender and Donald Hall. *The Concise Encyclopedia of English and American Poets and Poetry* is the work of more than 70 contributors. The Commonwealth is not neglected, and the rich storehouse of Australian poetry and of Indian poetry in English is freely drawn upon in this comprehensive volume, which is also notable for a fine series of illustrations.

While there is a wealth of literature in regard to Italian Renaissance painting and most other arts in that liberating and creative period the bibliography of its architecture is confined to only a few volumes. Exactly the same is true of the Victorian age; although here with better reason, for it is an age only now coming into any real perspective and a spate of books good, bad and indifferent on the great buildings of Victorian England can be confidently expected. *Victorian Architecture*, edited by Peter Ferriday and introduced by John Betjeman, makes a noble introduction to the subject, its main themes being the introduction of cast iron and sheet glass into building construction as seen in The

all, what can one explain about a new novel by this unique writer beyond the fact that she continues, after more than 30 years, to have her devoted readers (among whom I number myself) and that both her style and the content of her books are difficult to describe? I would like to explain that the movement of her stories relies almost entirely on dialogue, that the settings are generally of the late 19th century in country houses and that the plots are concerned with extremely involved and in-dwelling family differences, often with a spice of incest. For those who have read one of her novels and have fallen under the hypnotic spell, the choice *pro* or *con* is clear. I would rate the present book a vintage Compton-Burnett.

Something for Nothing by Jack Trevor Story: Secker and Warburg. 18s, is this author's latest tale of his non-hero, Albert's, exploits on the shady side of London life and it is as brash, as alarmingly revealing and as oddly poignant at moments as anything he has yet written. It is not recommended, however, indiscriminately to be given to maiden aunts.

Path for Our Valour by Thomas Doulis: Constable. 25s, deals with the commando paratroopers of the peace-time American Army. It is the work of an author who has been a paratrooper himself and who has studied not only the obvious stresses under which such men work and do their duty but many of the contributing strains of intensive training, loneliness and the fantasies and facts about courage. A tough book in many ways but an arresting one. **Vernon Fane**

Crystal Palace, the London Coal Exchange, and many of the great railway termini. Nikolaus Pevsner, Furneaux Jordan, and John Brandon-Jones are among the contributors to this well presented symposium. *The Architecture of the Italian Renaissance* is the work of Dr Peter Murray, librarian and lecturer at the Courtauld Institute of Art. He reveals the men of the Renaissance returning to the aims and ideals of their forefathers, clearing away in their own minds and hearts the wreckage of the barbarian centuries and emerging into the broad straight stream of "the good manner of building." As Emile Male, the French scholar, declared, "here was antiquity enobled by the Christian faith."

The pitiful waste and degradation of war, and very little of its false pride and pomp, emerge from A. J. P. Taylor's *Illustrated History of the First World War*. Mr Taylor shows in words and pictures the projected war of movement swiftly becoming bogged down in a war of attrition, and he recaptures the mud and futility of life in the trenches. From the vast photographic resources available he has chosen with much care in matching his text. From the futility of war to that of war's aftermath is but a step. Brian Gardner, who in *The Big Push*, gave us such a vivid and sombre picture of The Battle of the Somme, now analyses in *The Wasted Hour* the tragedy of missed opportunity in 1945. There was not really much excuse for our failure in 1945, says Mr Gardner, but from the Grand Alliance we went to the Grand Disalliance in a series of decisions which must now be deeply regretted and into which we drifted rather than drove. **Richard Edmonds**

ANTHONY CRICKMAY

LA BAYADERE *at the Royal Opera House*

A SPLENDID addition to the repertoire of the Royal Ballet, the Kingdom of the Shades scene from Petipa's *La Bayadère* was given its premiere last week in a version prepared by Rudolf Nureyev. The principal roles are danced by (above) Margot Fonteyn as Nikiya and Nureyev as Solor. When the Leningrad Kirov appeared in London in 1961, they brought with them this scene which was revealed to be a Petipa masterpiece. It is a display of classical choreography, which begins with a *coup de théâtre* as the 32 girls of the corps de ballet appear down a ramp in a winding, apparently never-ending line. It contains two virtuoso variations for Solor and a bravura role for the ballerina. This version is obviously destined to become a great favourite.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **C. A. S. PALMER**

This year, Mr Alan Palmer was appointed Chairman of Huntley and Palmers, manufacturers of biscuits and cake at Reading, in succession to his cousin, Mr Reginald H. R. Palmer, who retired in June. The new chairman is 50 years old. Educated at Harrow and at Exeter College, Oxford, he first joined Huntley and Palmers in 1934, and was made a director in 1938. Soon after the outbreak of war in 1939, he was posted to a Corps Headquarters in the Middle East, having joined the Berkshire Yeomanry five years before as a territorial. From 1943-45, he was liaison officer with the Albanian partisans and was parachuted into Albania three times. At the end of the war, he became political adviser to the British Military Mission in Albania until his demobilisation with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. He was awarded the D.S.O. in 1945 and was mentioned in dispatches. Mr Palmer then resumed his work for Huntley and Palmers and became Deputy Chairman in 1955. On his appointment to the Chairmanship, he instigated a vigorous five-year development programme, involving a revision of the marketing division, the establishment of a new Technical Development Division, and new methods of accounting and control. In addition to his Chairmanship of Huntley and Palmers, Mr Palmer is Vice-Chairman of Associated Biscuit Manufacturers Ltd., Chairman of the Cake and Biscuit Alliance Common Market Committee, and President of the Berkshire and North Hants Productivity Association. His off-duty interests include ski-ing, and underwater fishing and the Presidency of Reading Conservative Association. Married, he lives in Knightsbridge, London

NORTH SEA NATURAL GAS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Nobody yet really knows whether there is any natural gas worth developing under the North Sea, but a whole lot of experts are behaving as if there is. During the past two years, there has been a surge of preliminary geological and seismic study of the seabed by more than 20 petroleum groups, and it is clear that the results have been very promising in some areas. This winter, these groups have an immense amount of data to analyse and co-ordinate; early next spring they will be out again. And this next season of exploration will no longer be from the surface alone: some of these companies, at least, are certain to start drilling under water in search of even more accurate data about the extent of possible sources.

This confident eagerness is what has brought Britain's Continental Shelf Bill forward for its second reading—in the House of Lords—this month. For at present none of the petroleum groups flying magnetometer surveys above the North Sea or steadily repeating seismic shots from survey vessels out there have any legal right whatever to do so. Nor, equally, have any of the states bordering on the North Sea except Denmark, any jurisdiction over what the companies do out there.

This legal no-man's-land is not the most comfortable place to engage in drilling operations that can very readily run into millions of pounds. Nor, for the governments, would it be comfortable to have gas or oil discovered on undersea areas to which one will be laying claim before one has gone through the steps necessary to establish a claim. The British Government, therefore, is wasting no more time; and it seems highly likely that this will spur the other countries around the North Sea coasts into similar legislation quickly.

Our Continental Shelf Bill, published last week, is a simple piece of legislation. First, it reserves to the Government rights to explore for and exploit natural resources, except for coal which is allotted to the National Coal Board, in the seabed and sub-soil of areas of the continental shelf over which the United Kingdom gains rights. This "nationalisation of mining royalties" has long been the case on land in Britain, enabling the Crown to grant licences for mineral exploration and development. Landowners here have surface rights for which oil or gas explorers usually pay in respect of disturbance, but not the automatic right to royalties on any petroleum produced that landowners have, for example, in the United States. The rest of the Bill does no more than extend out to the continental shelf the provisions of relevant British law, such as civil and criminal law and national insurance regulations, and to make provision too for giving exploration work some protection from interference by other ships and keeping it away from recognised sea lanes on which it might otherwise encroach.

The Bill does not define the continental shelf, nor indicate how much of it Britain hopes to claim in the North Sea. Traditionally, any schoolboy will probably remember the definition of the shelf: it is the seabed out to the hundred-fathom, i.e., 600-ft., line of depth. The Geneva Convention on the law of the sea, drafted in 1958, in effect widens this definition to a quite indeterminate extent: it adds, "or, beyond that limit, to where the depth of superjacent waters admits of the exploitation of the natural resources of the said areas." When one considers the great depths at which experimental offshore drilling has been done, and the plans for "Mohole" drilling in ocean deeps to test the thickness of the earth's crust, this definition is seen to be so loose that territorial claims of maritime nations could be extended out virtually to the centre of the world's oceans.

So far as the North Sea is concerned, however, the old definition is good enough. Very little of the North Sea bed, except for a deep "trench" not far off the Norwegian coast, lies deeper than a hundred fathoms; the vast majority of the area is less than half that. So nobody's claims to mineral rights there will be limited by this definition. The limits will have to be set by agreement.

The Geneva Convention provides for agreement between states bordering the same sea over offshore rights, suggesting a median line between them or whatever else they decide upon. In the estuary of the River Elms, to the north of the enormous natural gas field being developed in the Dutch province of Groningen, Holland and Germany have already come to one such agreement. They have drawn a simple median line down the centre of the estuary, and agreed that a German group shall explore for gas on one side of it and a Dutch group on the other. If gas is found, however, the costs and the production will be divided equally. (This arrangement is facilitated by the fact that both of the exploring groups concerned are joint subsidiaries of the same two international oil companies, the Royal Dutch/Shell group and Standard Oil of New Jersey.)

Drawing a median line between two irregular coasts offers endless room for legal disputation. Some of the North Sea countries, indeed, may find this important; as between adjacent states such as Germany and Denmark, for example, the way that lines are drawn out from the coast may make a great difference to the amount of offshore territory that each gets. Britain, however, is the only state out to the west of the North Sea, and inevitably has a claim to the largest single portion of the continental shelf here. The final line of demarcation may be hard to draw, and require lengthy negotiation with Continental states; but whatever their outcome there will be a large amount of seabed anyway on which Britain can grant concessions.

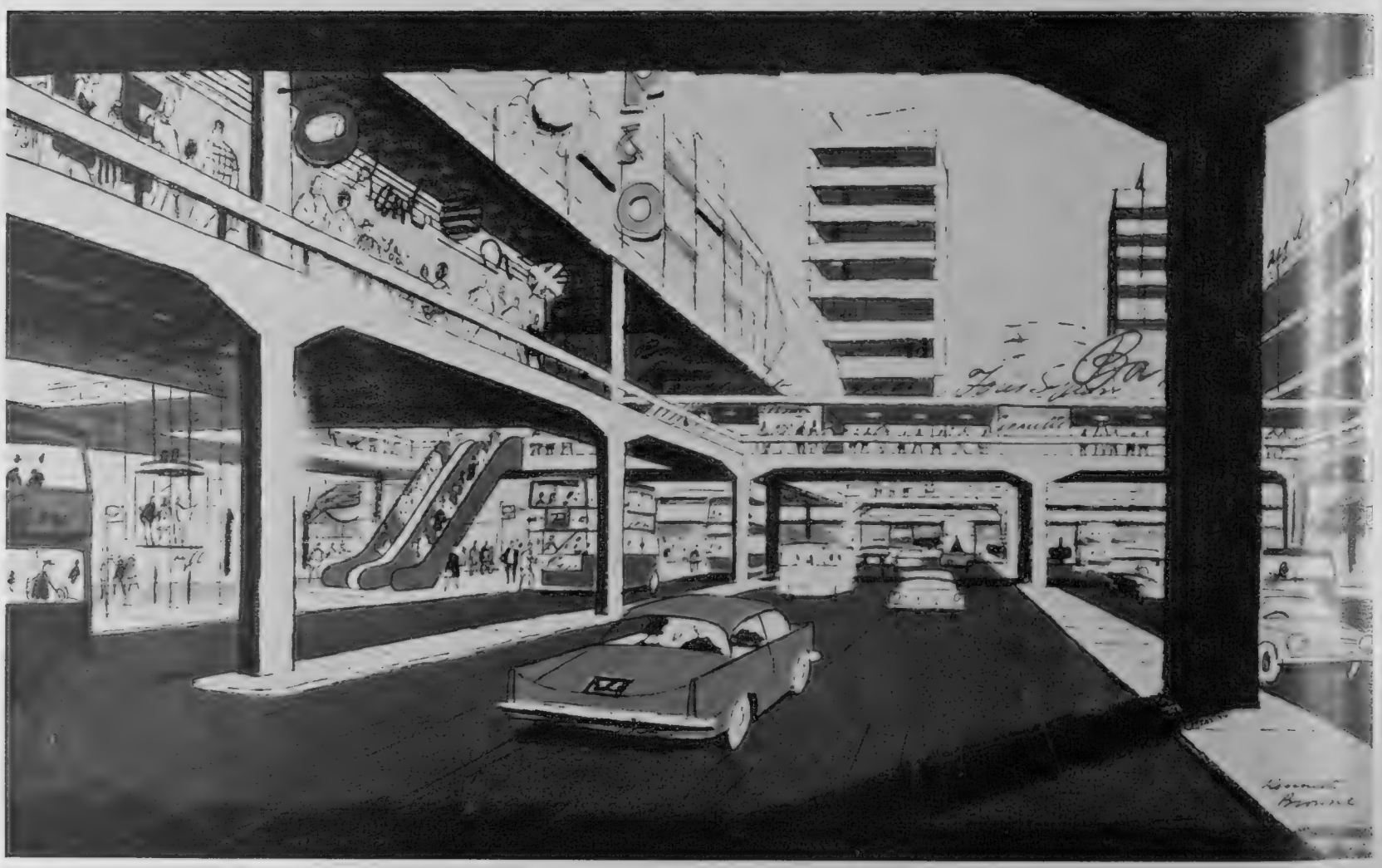
There is nothing in the new Bill to lay down on what kind of terms companies will be able to get concessions to explore and exploit oil or gas from the British Government. At present, the few concessions for petroleum exploration in Britain have been granted under legislation of the '30's. These usually provided for low rates of royalty for the Crown, and few other obligations on the company concerned, which befitted conditions in which nobody imagined there was much chance of finding any petroleum. In the North Sea, however, many people imagine that there are very good chances; and this time the conditions under which they may be seized may be different.

Indications of the geological structures already identified under the seabed suggest that the chances of finding gas are good, and naturally the Dutch discoveries, which constitute the second largest single gas field ever found, would encourage any oil investor. However much gas may be there, it is in the centre of the most promising market in the world. The Dutch reserves, for example, are larger than the Hassi R'Mel field in the Sahara, from which Britain is already prepared to buy liquefied natural gas—and many hundreds of miles nearer. Gas under British jurisdiction in the North Sea, even if the quantities were not sufficient to reduce much our growing dependence upon imported oil, could have a profound impact upon the whole energy market of this country.

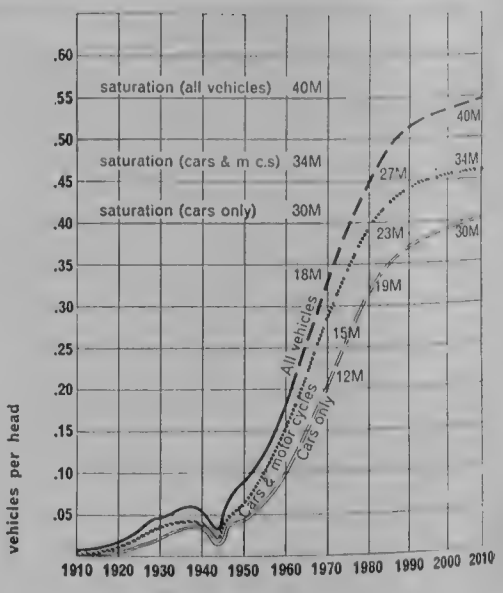
Building the church of St. Andrew at Orford, near Warrington, Lancashire, to a design by Arthur Farebrother and Partners, Architects, of Manchester. The church was consecrated on St. Andrew's Day by the Bishop of Liverpool exactly 12 months from the day when work on it began. Rapid construction was made possible by the use of modern materials and methods devised by the architects. Much of the interior is made of dimensionally stable veneered chipboard made by the British Plimber Ltd. whose standard size was cut to a module by the contractors, Brew Brothers of Cadishead. The spire is made of fibreglass—the first time it is believed that the material has been used for this purpose. It supports a 5 cwt. bell and the only maintenance it will need is a periodic wash. The £43,000 church is the first to be completed in response to the Bishop of Liverpool's 'Call to Build Appeal'. It will serve the 12,000 inhabitants of Orford

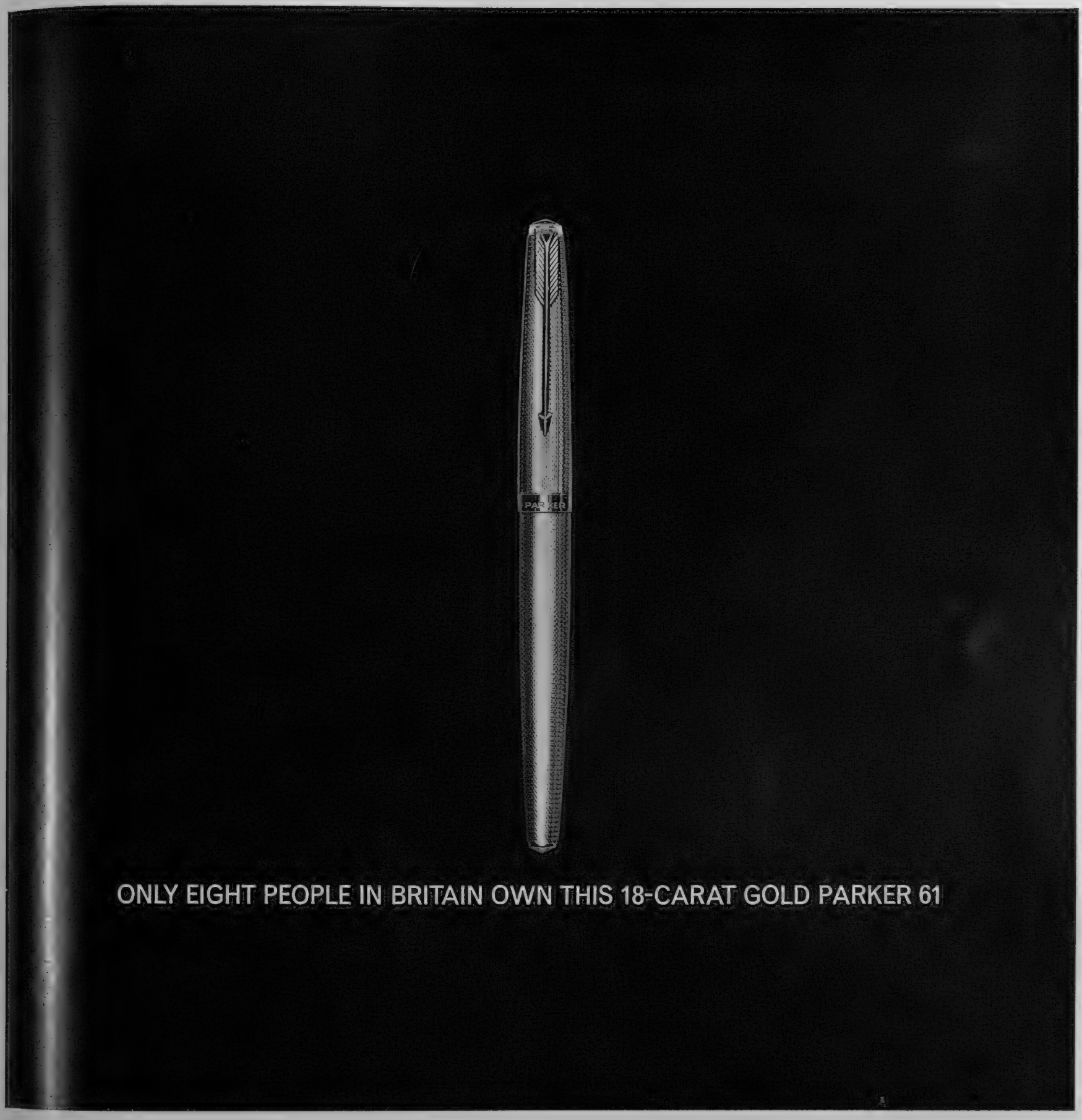
CARS INTO CITIES WON'T GO

392 The crisis of traffic congestion in cities is already perfectly apparent: with the ever-growing number of cars on the road, this congestion is turning to stagnation. The report of Professor Buchanan and the attendant report of the Ministry of Transport steering group, chaired by Sir Geoffrey Crowther (published as *Traffic in Towns*: HMSO, 50s), represent a major fundamental effort to rethink the bases of the problems of living with the motor car. Professor Buchanan begins, unlike many town planners, with the idea that the motor car is desirable: what he seeks to achieve is to prevent vehicles from destroying the texture and amenities of urban life. There are two concepts which can be picked out of a closely packed argument. First, the analogy of the development of domestic architecture, of rooms and corridors. The rooms would be "environmental areas," in which only local traffic would circulate, the corridors, a network of distributor roads: the relationship between the two is essentially a service one. Secondly, Buchanan, proposing massive rebuilding of city centres, divides pedestrians and traffic and working areas vertically, in multi-level structures. Finally there are matters of controversy—this vital rebuilding will be costly, and no urban scheme can hope to cope with all traffic and probably only a fraction of it. Restrictions on motorists will increase still further. (*See also page 394*)



Top right: Professor Colin Buchanan, leader of the Working Group appointed by the Minister of Transport, which produced the far-reaching report on the problems of traffic in urban areas
Above: A drawing by Kenneth Browne, from the report, showing part of a complete redevelopment, looking along a local main road. Ground-level open space is on the left. The drawing shows that in a multi-level scheme, the driver's view is far from boring
Right: This graph shows the problem that faces Britain—by 1970 the number of cars on Britain's roads will have nearly doubled and by 2010 quadrupled. The curves indicate the probable trend assuming no restrictionary measures and allowing for the growth of the population





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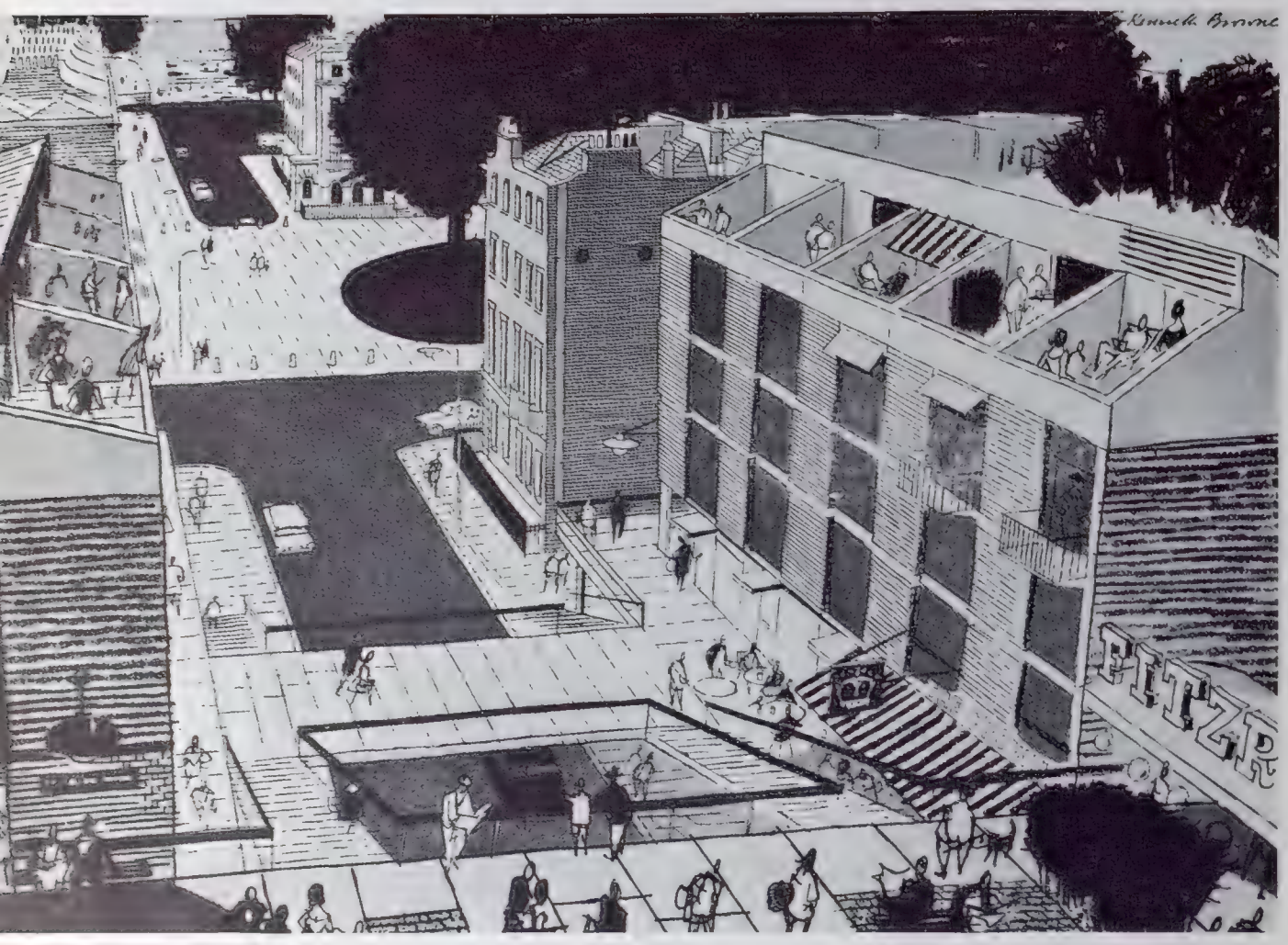
CARS INTO CITIES WON'T GO *Continued from page 392*



Left: A drawing of a partial redevelopment scheme for Fitzroy Square and its vicinity, looking north. The square is mainly converted to pedestrian use. In the foreground the pedestrian level rises to the upper levels which feature largely in the scheme. Underneath the upper level foreground is a car-parking area
Below: A sketchplan of a road-plan, showing the hierarchy of roads, round living and working areas (marked with dotted lines). The roads decrease in importance as shown by the width of the black lines

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

WALL STREET AFTERMATH

by The Sphere City Correspondent

In spite of the initial sharp recovery in the American stock market after its setback on the tragic assassination of President Kennedy, the tone seems likely to be more uncertain over the coming months. The scale and volume of Wall Street's fall in the hours after the shooting and the even more remarkable recovery, when business was resumed four days later, need to be seen in perspective. A fall and rise of 30 points in the Dow Jones index is in fact only about 4 per cent., and while this is exceptional for a single day's movement, it is worth noticing that on the first occasion there were virtually only sellers operating and on the second virtually only buyers. The result was that realistic prices as between willing buyers and sellers were not tested.

Moreover, as so often happens in crises, it is the small investor who acts precipitously. Small investors scrambled to sell on the afternoon of the shooting and of course very low prices were quoted against them. During the weekend pause small investors recalled how stock markets had in fact recovered sharply both after President Eisenhower's heart attack and after Black Monday 18 months ago. Many no doubt felt they had been missing out on the bull market in America and thought that the market setback would be a good opportunity to buy in cheaply. In fact, when they put in buying orders " at best," most investors found that prices had simply been raised against them.

Wall Street's behaviour after the crisis must therefore be seen as freakish and the prospects reassessed in the light of the very real change that has occurred. President Kennedy had won the admiration of the Western world and, what is perhaps more important, the respect of the Russian rulers. His firm and controlled negotiation from strength over Cuba, though terrifying at the time, had done a great deal to lower the subsequent temperature of the East-West conflict. The first nuclear inspection agreement set the tone of a more conciliatory phase in world affairs. Moreover, in spite of his narrow majority in Washington, Kennedy, because of his personal popularity, seemed certain to be re-elected President for a further four years. There was in effect a chance of reasoned and steady negotiations with the Russians for a long period ahead. All of this made for a useful foundation for world stock markets. Now, however, there is a new President and in the nature of things it seems possible that the Russians will test him with a series of minor or major crises.

On the domestic front, too, the death of President Kennedy must make for uncertainty in markets. It is true that his tax-cut programme was already being obstructed in Washington and that Lyndon Johnson, if anyone, is the experienced politician to get it passed. The fact is the American economy has been rising now for nearly three years, long by the standards of any boom. The predictions for next year are at best for output of cars, steel and chemicals merely to equal the levels of 1963. An output plateau seems to have been reached for the moment; yet share prices in many cases are anticipating a further rise in profits and dividends on the 1962-63 scale and earnings are being bought on a distinctly forward-looking basis. One year's pause in profits and there could be a considerable reassessment.

If Wall Street, which reached its high point late in October, falters, then there are good grounds for expecting a pause in London. London has been extremely sensitive to Wall Street's reaction on Kennedy's death. And on its own ground the market here is now feeling the real tug-of-war between continuing good economic news (and the certain prospect of higher profits and dividends) and on the other side the likelihood of a Labour victory in the General Election in, say, six months' time. While the Labour party will not interfere with the tempo of industrial output during its early period in office, it could easily bring in a variety of profits, dividend, and share-dealing taxes that would radically affect the assessment of share prices. On these grounds alone, investors—unless confident of a Conservative victory—should probably be adjusting their portfolios to include a greater proportion of fixed interest securities and world-wide spread. The uncertainty that now looms over Wall Street adds a second compelling reason for caution.

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GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

One might deplore it, saying that this is not the true significance of Christmas, but the fact remains, that, for nearly all of us, Christmas represents a time of celebration and rejoicing, if not indulgence, with the best of traditional food and wine we can muster. It is very much a question of taste what one should drink with the turkey; it is a clear case of " drink what you like." In my view the ideal wine to go with it is a red wine, and not too heavy one at that. This points to claret first of all, and if you are a " claret person " as opposed to a " burgundy " one, that is what you will choose.

It depends on pocket and taste what sort of claret. You may not run to a first growth of a good vintage—hard to find anyway, unless you have laid it down yourself at the right time—but a good second growth of Médoc, say 1955, which is the vintage now ready to drink in most cases, such as Château Rausan Ségla, Ch. Leoville Poyferré, or some of the other classified growths of the Médoc, such as Ch. Palmer and Lynch-Bages can cost as little as 16s 6d to 25s a bottle. Those bottled at the château are always a little more expensive than the London bottled ones. Other possible clarets are the 1957's, and most of the 1958's, being lighter than usual, are drinkable now. Of the 1959 vintage, only the lesser and cheaper wines would be worth drinking this Christmas, such as the bourgeois growths of the Médoc which can cost as little as 10s 6d to 14s 6d a bottle, and are very good value when bought from a reputable wine merchant. If you care for St. Emilion or Graves reds, very good wines can be found too, which are even better value in the higher qualities.

With the pudding, I would suggest a luscious Sauternes, for example a Château Rieussec 1955 (or even a younger one) at 21s, or a very choice German Trockenbeerenauslese Hock or Mosel. But the choice is not subject to a hard and fast rule and if you like you can drink the same wine throughout the meal. In that case, and this is rather unorthodox, I would experiment with a white Graves, which is dry, but not too dry to be enjoyed with the pudding, such as Château Olivier 1959, which sells at the very reasonable 11s 9d. There are also those who would not mind drinking a medium dry Hock throughout the dinner.

When it comes to the dessert, especially nuts, port comes into its own, and here the choice is immense, from the finest old vintage port to a tawny, or perhaps a compromise: a so-called port of vintage character. With coffee, your finest cognac brandy, or a choice of liqueurs which also is enormous from Cherry brandy to Cointreau and Green Chartreuse.

I have not mentioned Champagne, which is after all the best festive drink, but, while some people like to have it with their pudding or dessert course, or even drink it right through the meal with every course, I like it best in its own right, as an aperitif, or just as a drink in the middle of the morning, when it has a most remarkable refreshing and invigorating effect. One firm I know lists about 50 different types of champagne. We all have our favourites, and according to our mood and finances we might choose to have a non-vintage of a really good marque such as Moët and Chandon, Lanson, Pommery, or Bollinger (from 27s to 29s 6d), or a vintage of either (around 35s).

Various types of sherry are wanted at different times; as an aperitif I would always prefer a dry one, such as any good Fino or Manzanilla, or the less dry Amontillado; with nuts instead of port, or mid-morning with a biscuit, a rather heavier, sweeter, richer sherry, an Oloroso, or one of the so-called " cream " ones. A Madeira is equally pleasant, but does not make such a good aperitif as a dry sherry.

Over the holiday, all kinds of other drinks will come useful, a whisky and soda last thing at night, or, at any time for that matter, and for those who enjoy cocktails the basic ingredients such as a good gin. Of the various distillers, Booth's offer the choice of their pale straw-coloured " dry," or the colourless " high and dry." The same group are also the makers of Cossack Vodka, but there are many others to choose from.

If you feel like an entirely different drink, a glass of beer in fact, I can thoroughly recommend the new Bass " Gold Triangle " which is a little stronger, and more " beery " than ordinary Bass, and comes in smaller bottles, an advantage for the ladies. I think I have covered the ground, now there is nothing left but to sit back and relax enjoying a good Punch or Upmann cigar. Merry Christmas!

MIDLANDS MATTERS *by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent*

The new release of energy stimulated by the brighter economic outlook is taking many forms in the Midlands, from proposals for new towns to brilliantly conceived new machinery. Birmingham, as everyone now knows, is to have two new towns, at Dawley in Shropshire and in an expanded Redditch 14 miles to the south. The redevelopment of Coventry, still tremendously exciting, is becoming almost—dare one say it?—old hat. New industrial estates are springing up; two which come to mind are those at Pensnett, near Wolverhampton, and at Aldridge, between Walsall and Sutton Coldfield.

But comparatively little has been heard about the renewal of some of the country's oldest industrial areas in the Black Country—until, that is, West Bromwich announced ambitious plans. This is, indeed, the most comprehensive scheme of its kind and the first large-scale effort to modernise a bit of the country that has its roots deep in the Industrial Revolution. Quite why the announcement should have caused so much surprise is hard to understand; these are, above all, the places which need such treatment urgently. Briefly, West Bromwich is to redesign 37 central acres to include a shopping nucleus, a new bus-station, and the usual entertainment and catering facilities. Among the more interesting features is the provision of multi-storey flats—a welcome reminder that the hearts of cities, too, are for living in.

Coventry, too, has tried to meet this problem of the city centre by providing tall blocks of flats in the centre. Commuting by factory and office workers is acknowledgedly difficult. West Bromwich's answer seems simple enough—provided a local authority has the will and the imagination to take a larger part in redevelopment.

Forming and forging machine

The Production Engineering Research Association at Melton Mowbray has developed from its own design a machine which seems to have considerable prospects in cold forming and hot forging. Called a high energy rate metal forming machine, not the least remarkable of its characteristics is that it needs no expensive foundations. Its energy capacity of 16,000 foot-pounds is about equal to that of a 300-ton press. PERA claims this type of machine has great possibilities; there is a rapid input of energy to the workpiece, and because of this the temperature of a cold-worked material is quickly increased. For hot forging, the input of energy is sufficient to prevent appreciable chilling of the work material by the tools.

Microwave contract

A contract for nearly £750,000 won by GEC (Telecommunications), Coventry, is a reminder both of the plant's importance—GEC is the largest employer in the city—and of rapidly changing technologies. The contract is for supplying microwave radio systems to the Hellenic Telecommunications Organisation, and each radio channel has a capacity of up to 960 telephone speech channels. It is also a happy augury for Mr John Ayres, a former director of Sears Engineering Group, who has recently taken over as managing director. Mr Ayres received his early training at the GEC telephone works—telecommunications describes its wider range of present-day activities—and at the local technical institute. Later he took up appointments with Simms Motor and Electronics Corporation and the Hawker Siddeley Group.

Trainees for metal finishing

There were no smooth palliatives in the presidential address of Dr J. E. Garside to the Institute of Metal Finishing in Birmingham the other day. Instead, Dr Garside, who is principal of Borough Polytechnic, London, and director of the National College for Heating, Ventilating, Refrigeration and Fan Engineering (surely the industry could devise a less cumbersome title if it tried?) sharply suggested to members that as an industry they had not yet begun to examine the problems associated with personnel training.

This, he suggested, was the challenge they neglected at their peril—and by coincidence the point was emphasised by the visit, on the same day, of a study team from the Japanese electroplating industry to the Birmingham firm of W. Canning and Co. Ltd. The Japanese, directors and senior technicians, were impressed by the company's latest automated electroplating and the range of programme-controlled automatic plants under construction. But, significantly, their team of 12 included two professors. In the Far East there is no doubt about the importance of research and training.

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TRAFFIC CONTROL

398 It is good news that the Minister of Transport has decided to spend £425,000 on a London experiment in the use of an electronic computer for the automatic control of traffic. Motorists will not get the benefit of this new plan to keep the traffic moving until 1965. Between now and then the Transport Ministry, with the technical backing of the Road Research Laboratory, will be busy working out a detailed traffic pattern for the area chosen for the experiment: four square miles stretching from Hammersmith to Knightsbridge and from Kensington to the Thames.

Traffic will be automatically counted by detectors under the road. This information, supplemented by other signals from hundreds of traffic lights, will be fed to a centrally sited electronic computer. This will store the information and analyse it. Light signals will be phased automatically according to the traffic flow and density and—this is the bit I like—when congestion makes it desirable, illuminated direction signs will be switched on by the computer to divert traffic along alternative routes which may be longer in distance but shorter in time.

Police officers will be able to monitor the experimental system by closed-circuit television. When necessary they will be able to override the decisions of the electronic brain.

The Porsche GT Type 904 for racing and rallying. Courtenay Edwards will discuss this new car we

Counting the cars

British car manufacturers are not required, more's the pity, to publish full details of their annual car production, as is done so meticulously and helpfully in France, for instance, so any assessment of the relative popularity of the British models in greatest demand on the home market must to some extent be speculative. It is quite certain, however, from information supplied by big distributors and others in various parts of the country that for the second year running the BMC Mini heads the domestic sales chart but only when you add together all the different versions: Austin, Morris, Riley, Wolseley and Cooper.

It looks as if the Ford Cortina—which has settled down to a regular *daily* production of 1,200 to create a British record for any single model—comes next to the front-wheel-drive Mini and that the Mini's bigger brother, the 1100 model (Morris, Austin and MG) may have snatched third place from the Vauxhall Victor. There is little doubt that for the first time in any period of 12 months the industry will sell more than a million cars this year. It is an interesting fact that compared with 1962 there has been a big swing in popularity from the less-than-a-litre category to cars of between 1,000 c.c. and 1,200 c.c. (including the BMC 1100, Ford Cortina, Morris 1000, Austin A40, Ford Anglia and Triumph Herald).

From London to Somerset

Old associations often take me to Somerset, which is, anyway, a useful run while road-testing new models. The obvious way to get to North Somerset is along the A4, through (if you are starting from central London) Reading, Newbury, Marlborough, Calne, Chippenham and perhaps Bath, though from Chippenham you can go across country by way of Marshfield direct to Bristol.

When heading west from points to the south of London it is better, of course, to hit the Guildford by-pass (except on a Bank Holiday!) and then go along that fascinating ridge called the Hog's Back, nip round the back of Farnham to Odiham (whose wide main street always impresses me) and on to the Basingstoke by-pass.

From there, if heading for Weston-super-Mare or its environs, I like to go to Andover and through the open spaces of Salisbury Plain (where you can often get quite a nice move on in a fast car) by way of Amesbury and Stonehenge. Then to Warminster, Frome, Shepton Mallet and Wells, though the roads connecting these old towns are not very wide or straight.

From Frome it is possible to get to Weston along a quiet and fairly straight, fast road right over the top of the Mendip Hills. Look out at Frome for the signpost to Mells (no, not Wells), go through Oakhill, north of Shepton Mallet, and continue across Mendip to Burrington Combe, where the Rev. Augustus Toplady wrote the hymn *Rock of Ages* when sheltering from a storm.

A new guide to pubs

These alternative routes or " back doubles "—call them what you will—give an added zest to motoring in these days of congested main roads. It is sometimes not so easy to find eating places and it is on these occasions that motorists get good value from books like a new one I have just been studying: Egon Ronay's 1964 *Guide to 600 Pubs*.

Yes, pubs; honest-to-goodness pubs, and Ronay makes no bones about using a word that is pleasantly evocative of good company, inexpensive meals and snacks and a glass of good ale or wine to go with the food. This is the first guide of its kind. The 1964 edition deals only with the south (including Londo and the south-west; but the 1965 issue w cover the whole country.

For 9s 6d you get potted descriptions 600 pubs and although those selected f inclusion were recommended by a team of f pub-testers, what Ronay says about them is not just idle flattery. He can be mildly critical of certain features when he wants to b realising that on balance the pub is worth including in spite of limitations.

Ronay's pub-testers visited 1,152 establishments and decided that 552 of them " had nothing to offer." Of the 600 chosen, 280 are in London and some are included in a section devoted to " Pub Crawls," including one covering riverside London. Here we get mention of first-class pubs like the City Barge at Chiswick and the Prospect of Whitby at Wapping Wall.

Motoring notes

Briefly . . . British Railways say they have plans to make Newhaven " Britain's most modern cross-Channel car ferry terminal." They are to run a car ferry service between this port and Dieppe next year. . . . Motorists using a new-style hotel to be built at Bristol at a cost of £700,000 will park their cars on the floor on which their bedrooms are situated. . . . From the end of this month members of the AA and RAC will no longer be able to have free local calls from their roadside telephone boxes. Because of the advent of trunk dialling the motoring organisations are having to install coin boxes. . . . Britain's newest driving gloves —finest kid leather, full range of colours, price 41s including tax—are offered by the Pickard Glove Co. of Oxford and bear the name of Chris Lawrence. . . . Ford of Britain had a record production month in October, with an output of 64,580 cars, commercial vehicles and tractors, half being exported.

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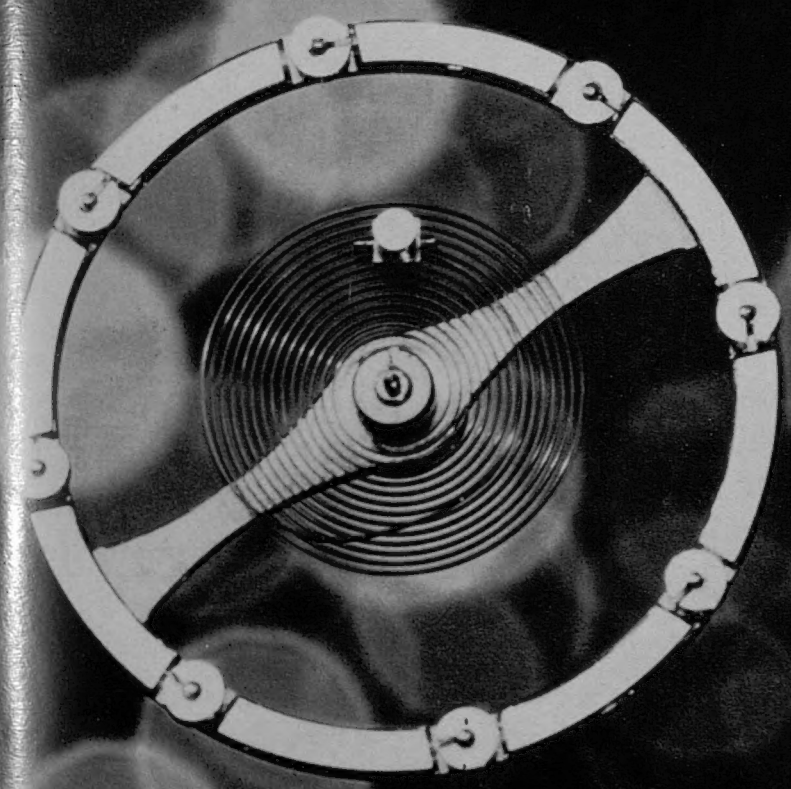

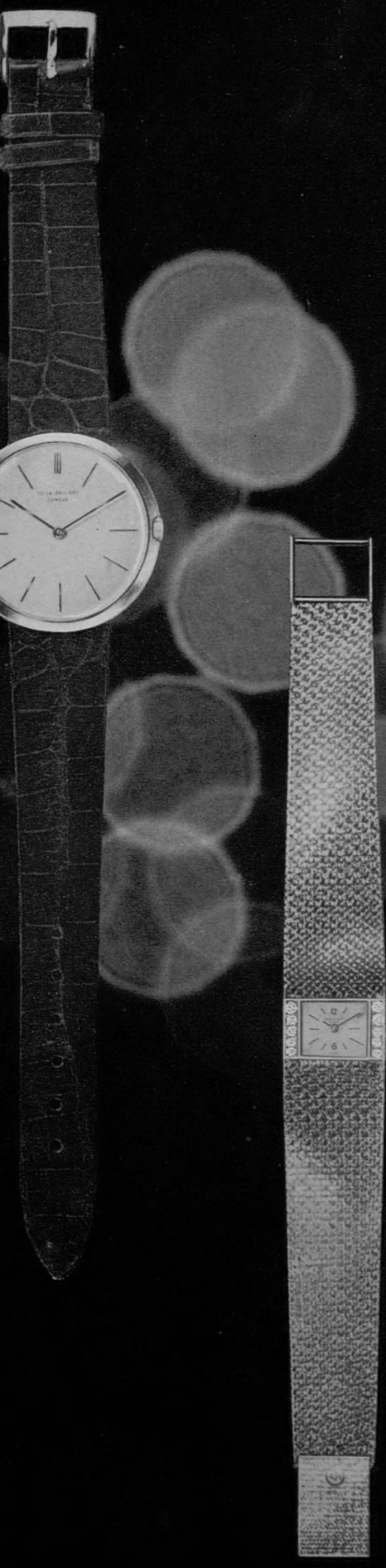

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

CONVALESCENCE. Though present-day medical skill is profound, nature refuses to be hustled when it comes to convalescence and, in BBC parlance, tells us politely that " normal service will be resumed as soon as possible." The ever-present problem is where to convalesce on leaving hospital or nursing home.

An hotel—once skilled nursing is no longer necessary—is preferable to a convalescent home where the tendency for inmates is to harp on their operations. As there are hotels and hotels, the purpose of this week's article is to mention some which are eminently suitable for convalescence because of their location, layout and their ability to cater for a limited number of those seeking rest and recuperation prior to resuming normal daily life.

Individual temperaments and financial positions must vary so we will endeavour to give a cross-section of our recommendations.

In the winter months, many people's thoughts will turn to such well-known winter resorts as Bournemouth or Torquay.

For those who can afford to pay five-star prices *The Carlton,* Bournemouth, on the level plateau of the East Cliff is a pre-eminent choice. The hotel has a sun-blessed sea outlook. Many suites and rooms with their own bathrooms face the sea, there are two lifts and a 24-hour room service is in operation. As befits a five-star hotel, the key staff have a sympathetic ear for individual needs.

This East Cliff of Bournemouth is geographically well positioned for convalescing because once one is fit enough to take gentle exercise, the level walk extends almost to Boscombe with plenty of covered shelters from any north or east winds.

Behind *The Carlton* is the up and coming *Heathlands Hotel* which is bright, sunny, admirably directed and maintained. A first-class family hotel geared to cater for all ages, it is well suited for winter convalescence as, apart from a lift to one section of the hotel, there are some admirable ground floor bedrooms with their own bathrooms. Whereas the 1963 en pension terms at *The Carlton* are from 53s 6d to 80s daily, *Heathlands* tariff is 40s to 62s 6d daily.

We have some ten other hotel recommendations in Bournemouth from 8 gns a week upwards, so Bournemouth is a happy recuperative ground for convalescents.

Turning to Torquay, let it be remembered that it was the mild winter climate that attracted medical men and others to advocate this once tiny fishing village for winter residence and convalescence. The top hotel, both expensive and expansive is *The Imperial,* well worthy of its five-star rating. Then in the four-star category comes *The Grand* which can be well recommended for convalescence for it occupies a grand position overlooking Torbay and the town. When the winter sun obliges, it gets a full quota and the key staff are well versed in catering and bedroom service.

For smaller first-class hotels, the three-star *Livermead House, Rosetor, Toorak* and *San Remo* are admirable—each in their respective way.

While Bournemouth nowadays has a population of about 150,000 and Torquay some 51,000, there will be some who seek a resort, smaller, sunny and selective. This is where Sidmouth with its mere 10,000 population comes into the picture. And what an admirable cluster of hotels there are, mostly within sight of each other, yet each with its own particular aspect. In the four-star category is the selective, rather aristocratic *Belmont* owned by the Fitzgerald family. Here will be found some remarkably comfortably equipped bedrooms with private bath and we feel convalescence would be hastened by environment and an excellent cuisine and cellar.

Then there is the four-star *Victoria* which nowadays is little related to its name. In fact, there are times when, aided by the sunshine, quite a refined Costa Brava atmosphere reigns in the Spanish Bar, the Spanish surrounds of the outdoor heated swimming pool and the redecorated arched restaurant. For all that attractive holiday time set-up, one can be, in the winter months, as reclusive or relaxed as one wishes. Many of the bedrooms, with self-controlled radio, telephone and wind-sheltered balconies aid and abet that " come and be spoilt " slogan which the *Victoria* used to once use.

Of the three-star hotels in Sidmouth, we favour the *Riviera* in the centre of Sidmouth's small promenade, now fully licensed, and the unlicensed *Torbay.* Our two-star choice is the *Royal Glen,* licensed for residents, a 28-bedroom hotel of great character; and in the star-less class (no worse for that!) is *Cedar Shade,* a charming guest house type of hotel where lovely furniture, intriguing cooking and a sunny aspect combined with a cheerful personal atmosphere puts paid to aches and pains and so acts as a great stimulant towards the restoration of normal health.

For those who would prefer a countryside environment we personally would be well content with one of the following: *Bramley Grange Hotel,* three miles south of Guildford, which has not only a most peaceful vista on its garden side, but the bedrooms are well appointed and service, cuisine and cellar are West End in their standards. Perhaps you have a hankering for the New Forest or near neighbourhood? Then we have one suggestion for you, viz. *Parkhill Hotel,* one mile out of Lyndhurst, built to withstand the rigours of winter and run in a friendly personal manner by Mr and Mrs J. Hargreaves and lady staff. Perhaps a mixture of sea-cum-countryside would appeal to you? Then note *Northfield Hotel,* Minehead, on the edge of Exmoor with views over the Bristol Channel, and being open all the year is well versed in catering for convalescents and arranging diets when needed.

One final suggestion, this time in the Cotswolds, is the *Moor Court Hotel,* Amberley. There is much to like about this elegant country-house hotel, which, thanks to its position on Amberley Ridge, provides a constant scenic panorama of lawns, noble trees and the Severn Valley. We once revisited *Moor Court* on a cold March day. On entering we experienced the warmth of central heating and a friendly atmosphere. Any indication of an hotel had been avoided—no reception office, no notices, just a bell-push labelled " Service." How ready it was to hand.

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